VOL. CCXIV, No. 2794

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THE SPHERE, AUGUST 29, 1953
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BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI MOTOR CAR TYRE MANUFACTURERS

Gorgeous pageantry marked the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII. Only a few weeks after his accession to the throne in April 1509 the young King married his first wife, Catherine of Aragon, at Greenwich. Then the royal pair removed "a numerous and splendid court to the Tower preparatory to their coronation." The processional way from the Tower to Westminster glowed with colour and movement . . ." streates where his grace should passe were hanged with tapesterie and clothe of arras, and the greate parte of the Southe side of Cheape with Clothe of golde, and some part of Cornhill; and the streates railed and barred on the one side from over against Bred Streate in Chepside, where every occupation stode in their liveries in ordre, beginning with base and meane occupations and so ascending to the worshipful craftes. Highest and lastly, stode the maior, with the aldermen; the goldsmithes stalles unto the ende of the Olde Chaunge being replenished with virgins in white, with braunches of white waxe . . ." Thus the young King and his bride made their royal way to the Great Hall of Westminster (via York Place, which twenty years later, the same King was to re-name "Whitehall") to a coronation as magnificent as the taste and means of the State could render it.

SPECIALLY PAINTED BY MICHAEL CHARLTON FOR **DUNLOP**

Volume CCXIV No. 2794 The SPHERE, London, August 29, 1953

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE SHAH RETURNS TO TEHERAN—SALUTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR ON ARRIVAL AT THE AIRPORT LAST SUNDAY, ONLY SIX DAYS AFTER HIS HURRIED DEPARTURE, WHICH HAD ALL THE SEMBLANCE OF A FLIGHT INTO EXILE: The Shah broadcast to the nation on his return and also delivered an appeal to the world for financial aid to save his country, declaring that the Moussadek regime had left the Treasury empty. He let it be known that the former Premier would stand trial for his misdeeds before the highest civil court; the second charge against him, relating to the period after his dismissal, being that of high treason.

When the Shah fled from Teheran last week and the mob pulled down the statues of his father, it seemed that yet another of the world's thrones had toppled. It was as an exile that Bagdad and Rome received the Shah, and it was noted that the accredited Ambassadors of Persia were not on hand to greet the luckless sovereign. Within a matter of hours, however, the tables were turned. Zahedi, the nominee of the Shah, who was thought to have failed in his *coup d'état*, had actually ousted Moussadek, driving him into hiding, and the pro-Royalist mobs were shouting and cheering in the streets of Teheran, calling for the return of the Shah. Last Sunday the Shah did return, and in a national broadcast to his "dear brothers and sisters," as he called the people, he thanked them for preserving Persia's traditions. At the same time, General Zahedi, Persia's new master, presented Persia's new Cabinet to the Shah. So, after a week of turmoil, another regime comes into power, faced with an empty treasury and the necessity for creating order out of the hopeless chaos left by the extraordinary Dr. Moussadek. (*See also* pages 298-301 of this issue.)

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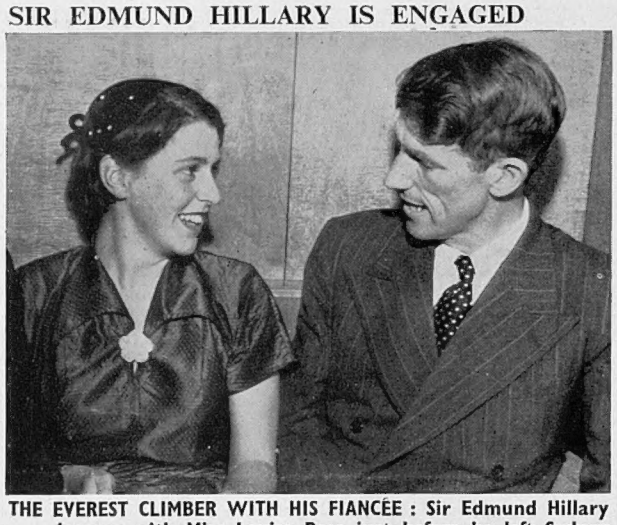
SIR EDMUND HILLARY IS ENGAGED

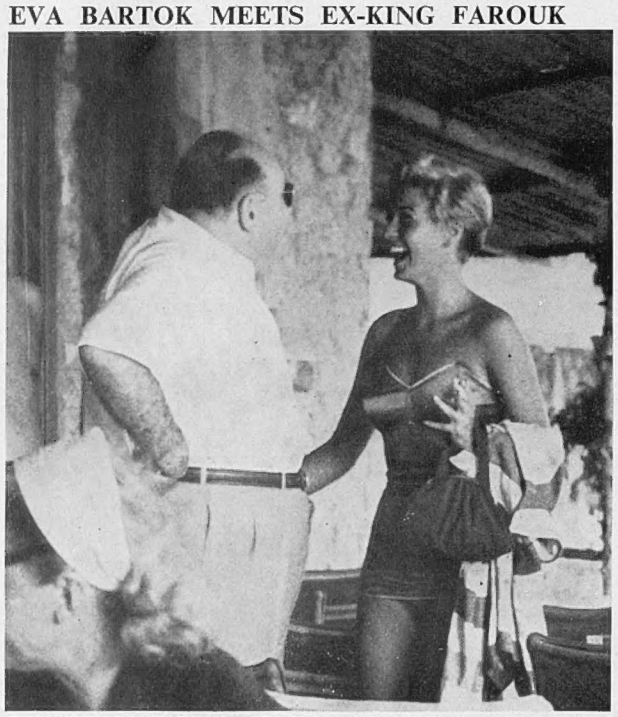


THE EVEREST CLIMBER WITH HIS FIANCÉE : Sir Edmund Hillary is seen with Miss Louise Rose just before he left Sydney for Auckland. They have recently announced their engagement, and are to marry on September 3. Miss Rose, who is a daughter of the President of the New Zealand Alpine Club, has been studying music at the Sydney Conservatorium since the beginning of the year. Sir Edmund has received a tumultuous welcome at his home town of Papakura in New Zealand.

LORD SIMONDS LEAVES FOR THE U.S.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR ABOARD THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH" : Lord and Lady Simonds are on their way to North America, where they will be the guests of the American and Canadian Bar Associations. Eight Commissioners have been appointed by the Queen, any two of whom may act for the Lord Chancellor, and use the new Great Seal of the Realm, until he returns late in September.

EVA BARTOK MEETS EX-KING FAROUK



THE HUNGARIAN-BORN ACTRESS, EVA BARTOK, LAUGHINGLY GREETING EX-KING FAROUK WHEN THEY WERE INTRODUCED RECENTLY : The meeting took place at the Capri club run by Miss Gracie Fields. Eva Bartok was on holiday in Capri at the same time as the Marquess of Milford Haven, a close personal friend.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE."

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for 12 months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are £5 16s. 6d.; 6 months and Christmas Number, £3; 6 months without Christmas Number, £2 16s. 6d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are £5 14s., £2 19s. and £2 15s.; and for elsewhere Overseas £5 18s. 6d., £3 1s. 3d. and £2 17s. 6d. The terms are inclusive of postage.*

A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Ionian Isles Disaster.—The earthquake and tidal-wave disaster in the Ionian Islands brought a footnote to remind us that a century ago Mr. Gladstone—a famous Homeric scholar—was High Commissioner there during the British Protectorate, which lasted for fifty years after Waterloo. The damage by the elements in the islands has been terrible, especially on Cephalonia and Ithaca, and Zacinthus, capital of Zante, is wiped out. The loss of life runs to many hundreds, to property it runs to millions, and the area is far from wealthy. It is a land of romance for all who remember their schooldays under the old system of dead languages. We may have forgotten the Greek alphabet, but we remember the return of Odysseus and Penelope's web with more affection than the *pons asinorum*. Our Navy and Air Force are familiar enough with the islands and needed no charts nor stimulus to be on the scene with the ready and practical help for which in such disasters they are famous. And I had no doubt that any appeals for money and materials would be answered by the British as readily and generously. We may be slow to fork out for our own national shrine, but we respond with a will to disasters wherever they occur, and of late we have had many opportunities to show what we can do in that good work at home and abroad.

August Holidays in Retrospect.—The August holiday season draws to its end. A retrospective examination is justified. To me the case for a re-examination of Bank Holidays and all that they mean, in loss of productivity and loss of amenity combined, is unanswerable. The Bank Holiday is still an infant among our social institutions, barely a century old. But in that century five centuries of evolution and revolution are packed. On Bank Holidays all productive work closes down and the effect is terrible on the charts of production covering such periods, for, one way or another, the Bank Holiday swells to the proportion of about half a week, and "wakes" and other local holidays are often linked on to it. If production needs were all, a staggering of Bank Holidays might well be too unpopular even for examination. But recent Bank Holidays have clearly shown the fatal results to holiday-makers' pleasure of a nation-wide holiday. There are too many people on this island; there are not lodgings at pleasure resorts for half the people who need them; the roads won't hold the cars, the trains and buses cannot contain the travelling public; the holiday is a busman's holiday of queueing for food and fun and shelter, and so it is that what was a century ago a boon for all has become a misery for most. Sir John Lubbock, if he were alive to-day, would be appalled at the effects of his popular and well-intentioned notion.

A Little Bias?—Some people in Australia and even in Broadcasting House complained that those Test commentators had allowed a little bias to steal into their voices when England got a wicket or occasionally scored a run. This was bias, and very likely to end in international complications such as result from the same kind of bias in *Pravda* or some Chicago newspaper. So Mr. Max-Muller of the B.B.C. issued a directive to John Arlott and his co-commentators. There must be no bias. If Hassett is bowled for a duck, it must be reported objectively, if possible with a tinge of melancholy. If Hutton suffer the same disaster, the melancholy, ideally, must be cut out. At all costs, international complications must be avoided. Whichever side win, the peace of civilisation must be preserved and the Queen's Government must not be embarrassed. The final Test is history now. Casting back in memory, did you observe any bias? It is odd. In the pavilion at Lord's a little bias is allowed. It is, indeed, the very salt of the watching game. But Test cricket isn't a game. It 's a political business, and even in school cricket top-hat bashing has gone out of fashion, though coshing is still favoured in by-streets and dark lanes. Non-stop cricket commentary (I find) needs a little mustard to stimulate digestion. It remains to record my genuine delight at the return of the Ashes, after so many years, and to raise my glass to the English side, coupled certainly with the names of Hutton, Bailey and Bedser, and indeed, the lot. They afforded me a great deal of excitement. Next time, let the Tests be played for the Laurels and not the Ashes, and let the B.B.C. devise some method of commentary which eliminates repetition, especially of current bowling averages. By then I expect T.V. will have solved the problem and produced a perfect model of the illustrated word picture. Meanwhile, the commentators deserve our gratitude also.

Persia.—Persia appears to be in that condition which America was so anxious to prevent—a country in the throes of a revolution, divided, embittered, full of hate and fraternal strife, a country at the mercy of Communist intervention, unless the Shah and his chosen Premier can re-establish order. True, at the moment the Communist element is underground and the leaders are held, including Moussadek, whose life the Shah wishes to spare, and a Conservative or Capitalist military regime holds power by force. The Shah explained his flight as the best way to avoid bloodshed, which it certainly failed to do. His chosen Premier, Zahedi, has opened his mouth wide—he controls the vital instrument of revolution, the radio—in promises to the mob. Higher wages, free health services, social justice. Brave words, but dependent on a national revenue, which largely depends on a flow of oil from Abadan. We need not expect the oil to flow our way or to seep into our pockets. Zahedi has many bitter hates, not least among them England. And, if he is to keep his newly-won power, he will need friends in his own country; and above all, the fanatical religious leader, Kashani, who, if he hates Moussadek and shares Zahedi's hatred of England, may be unwilling to play second fiddle to the Shah's nominee. Altogether, the situation in Persia is fluid and muddy, and the Communist Tudeh Party watches developments and waits for a favourable wind—Mr. Maclean is hopeful and thinks that the *coup d'état* may be all for the best, if Zahedi and the Shah can hold their gains and the former can let bygones be bygones in his attitude towards England. But at the moment it seems anybody's guess how the coup will affect Persia's internal condition, political and economic.

THE CRISIS IN FRENCH AFFAIRS

"PAS SI VITE, MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE!" Prime Minister Laniel pursues M. Bidault through the hall of the Elysées at the close of a vital conference during the height of the French national crisis. The Ministers had been discussing the strikes in France and the developing situation in Morocco, where it became necessary last week to depose the Sultan and send him into exile. **(See pages 302 and 306 of this issue.)**

AN ELDER STATESMAN OF FRANCE VOICES HIS VIEW : M. Herriot, the President of the French National Assembly, being interviewed on his return to Paris from Lyons when the vexed question of recalling the National Assembly was under discussion.

Holiday in France.—August holidays being what they are in England, the wise queue-up for the Continent. The tourist industry means much to the French, and no Frenchmen are better aware of it than those who serve the railways and transport systems, the postal and other public services. It was the ideal moment for them to down tools to induce their Government to cancel various austere decrees likely to worsen the already austere conditions of public employees. But let us not look down our noses at the foreigner. We also have strikes and often harness them on holiday-time. If a few of those unhappy tourists stranded in France cried out "Never again will I leave Britain" or "God made a great mistake when He made foreigners," such antiquated, insular growls were merely the result of fatigue and disappointment. If everybody must holiday in the same weeks of the summer, every holiday-maker must expect discomfort, whether he stay at home or cross the sea, and a strike here and there will make little difference to the sum of his discomforts. As I have just said, holidays are busmen's holidays. If we go abroad we merely taste a new form of it, with a foreign flavour. There are too many of us in Europe and most of us are very foolish sheep. We should either stagger our four Bank Holidays or return to the good old times when the bank clerk enjoyed about thirty of them in a year and could pick and choose.

Royal Holiday.—It is still comforting to me to know that the Royal Family are enjoying only the first weeks of their holiday and that it will stretch into October. They need it. For what lies behind was formidable enough to appal all but the very strong and young and resolute—those three close-packed Coronation months—and what lies ahead—the Commonwealth tour—has already been described in Australia as a "split-second schedule," a list of fixtures so numerous and so close-packed that it has been necessary to rehearse the number of seconds which it will take the Queen to cross a platform or move from her car to an inspection. It is daunting enough, but I comfort myself with the hope that these split-second rehearsals can be carried out without constant reference to the Queen at Balmoral, and I derive further comfort from recalling what a vast series of activities both the Queen and the Duke added to the gruelling essentials of the Coronation quarter. Visits to race meetings not on the official list; attendance or play at polo matches and half-a-dozen other voluntary appearances thrown in for good measure and taken in a stride. Indeed, a "documentary" of the Duke's physical activities (cricket, polo, yachting, and so forth) in July alone would afford an interesting revelation of how a strong man, keen on sport, can employ the unforgiving minute, without a "split-second" lost, with all the means of communication available to-day to the few. And all of these recreations sandwiched in between non-stop ceremonial duties. Presumably there are no present head-shakings about the physical powers of the chief actors. It is *carpe diem* when "youth and pleasure meet to chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

Balmoral for Sale!—I wonder if any British Sovereign before has been called on to issue a *dementi* and contradict a rumour that a private Royal residence was to be disposed of? On meeting the Queen at Balmoral, H.M.'s Lord-Lieutenant asked for, received and then and there announced this *dementi*! Perhaps Lord Aberdeen had been reading Neville Shute's *In the Wet*. He certainly seemed unduly anxious. I dare say Balmoral is expensive to maintain. I dare say some of Queen Victoria's worship for that place of memories of Prince Albert and John Brown holds less religious intensity for her descendants, but love for Deeside remains strong, and a certain amount of privacy is still possible there, despite the tree-shattering gales and the charabanc fiends. The area is large and some of it still remote. The Queen is fond of fishing and stalking, and if the Duke is not as finished a game shot as Kings George V and VI, he is improving in this sport as he is as a polo player. King Edward VII had to face some family opposition when he disposed of Osborne, but I doubt if the shade of Queen Victoria will in our time be called forth to forbid the alienation of Balmoral and all the cairns and monuments to her pets and favourites and sainted heroes. I am sure that Deeside can sleep quiet in its bed and the tourist industry rely on the Gathering and Crathie Church to continue to provide dollars and peep-shows for their patrons. But perhaps Deeside on the long view would sleep the quieter if it began to discourage the invaders of its peace and of its shrine, especially those whose cameras and field-glasses are perpetually on the alert for a distant view of a possible Royalty.

THE OLD STAGER.

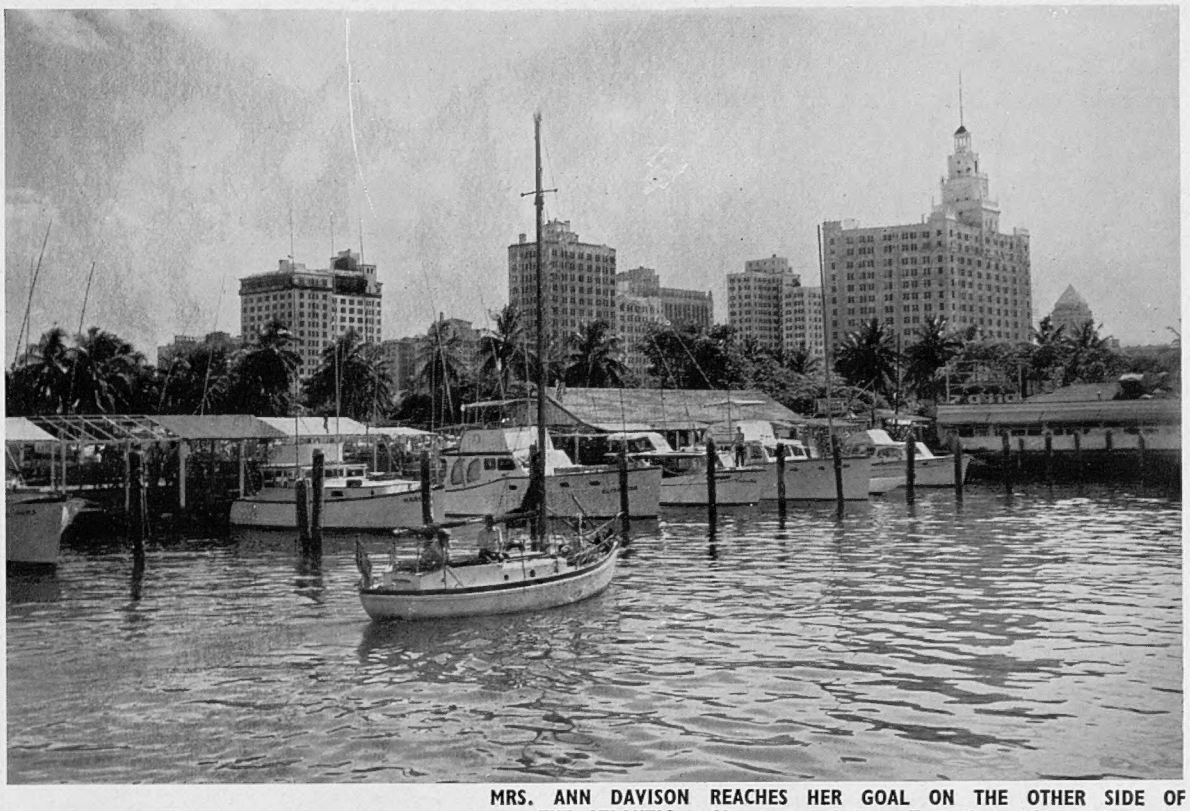
IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

FARNBOROUGH—HOST TO THE WORLD

Britain's Latest Aircraft on Parade

By B. J. HURREN

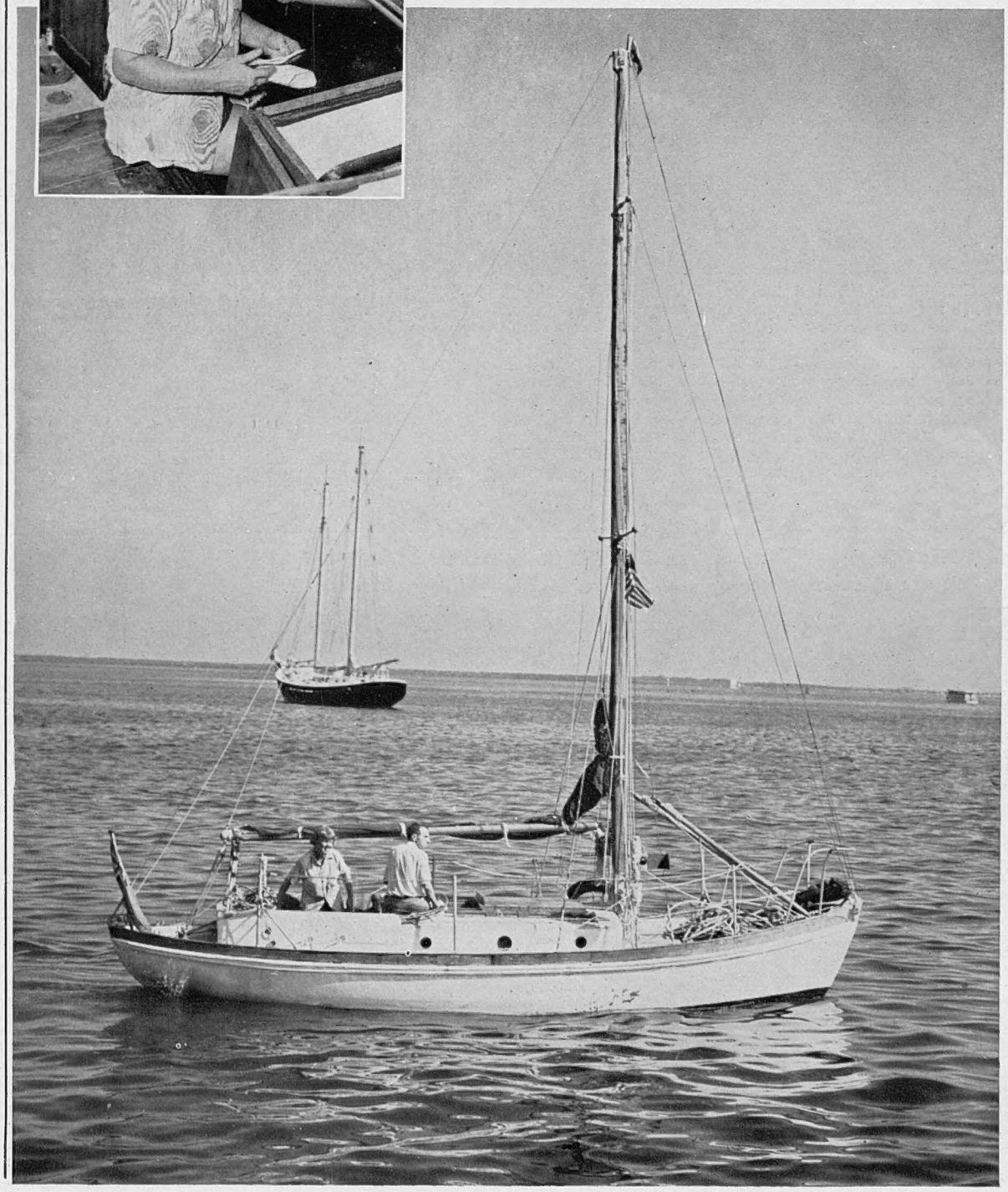
MRS. ANN DAVISON COMPLETES HER SINGLE-HANDED CROSSING OF THE ATLANTIC



MRS. ANN DAVISON REACHES HER GOAL ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC: *Above* and *below*—Two views of Mrs. Davison's yacht, the *Felicity Ann*, as it entered the harbour at Miami. *On left*—Mrs. Davison gives a triumphant smile after docking.

Four years ago Mrs. Davison had never sailed in a boat, but nevertheless she accompanied her husband in an attempt to sail the Atlantic in a 70-ft. ketch. During the voyage the rudder failed, and Mr. Davison went overboard to repair it. He was swept away by a wave and drowned. It was then that Mrs. Davison made her vow to cross the Atlantic single-handed.

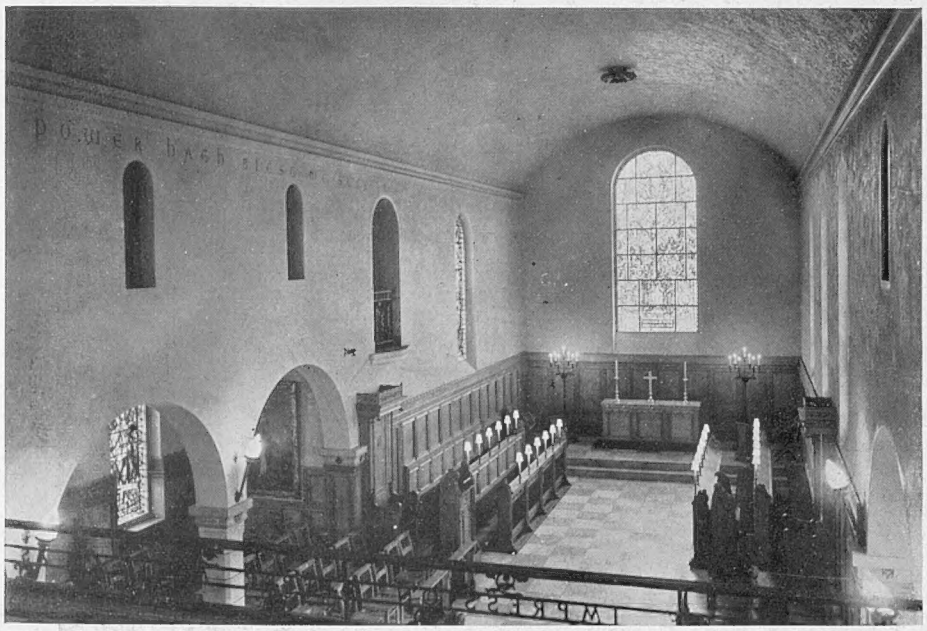
Her worst experience on the voyage was a calm that lasted twenty-three days, during which the greater part of her store of vegetables rotted. The voyage took over two years.



THE ROBIN CHAPEL, WITH A ROBIN ON ONE OF THE BRANCHES OF THE FINIAL ON ITS GABLE: Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret attended the dedication of this new Chapel of the Thistle Foundation Settlement at Craigmillar, Edinburgh. The Chapel is a gift from Mr. and Mrs. Francis Tudsbery in memory of their only child Robin, a subaltern in the Royal Horse Guards, who was killed in action only four days before the end of the last war. The foundation-stone of the Chapel had been laid by the Queen Mother in 1950, when she opened the Thistle Foundation Settlement, where there are eighty-one houses for disabled ex-Servicemen and their families. The Chapel was designed by Mr. John F. Matthew, of Edinburgh, whose son was responsible for the lay-out of the Settlement. Many of Robin Tudsbery's interests and his school, University and Army associations are represented in the stained-glass windows and the wood carvings.

ROYALTY AT THE ROBIN CHAPEL

The Gift to the Thistle Foundation in Edinburgh is Dedicated in the Presence of the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret

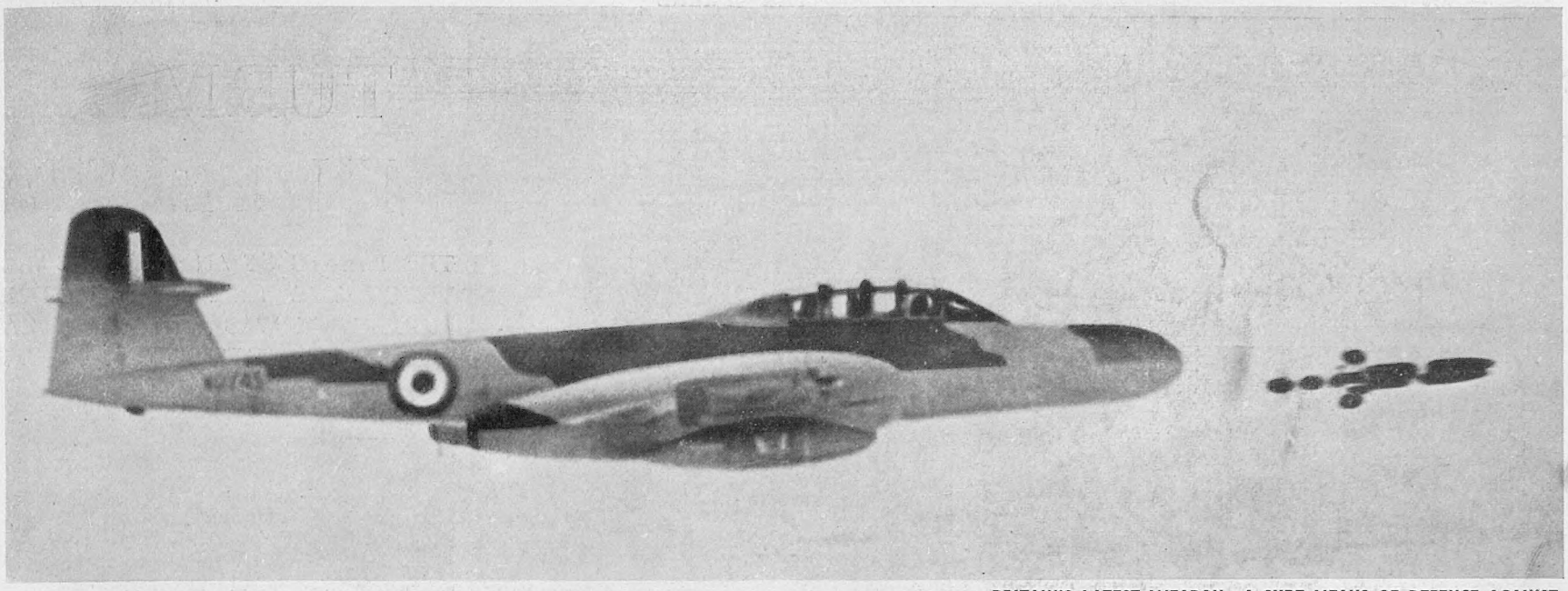


THE FINE CRAFTSMANSHIP OF THE CHAPEL INTERIOR: The stained-glass windows, designed by Mrs. Walter Pritchard, and oak carvings on pews and lecterns, of birds, animals, and flowers by Mr. Thomas Good, embellish the interior of the Robin Chapel.

THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET AFTER THE DEDICATION SERVICE: The procession after the service dedicating the Robin Chapel is led by the Queen Mother, with Mr. Francis Tudsbery, the donor of the Chapel. Princess Margaret follows with the Very Rev. Dr. Charles Warr.

On right—

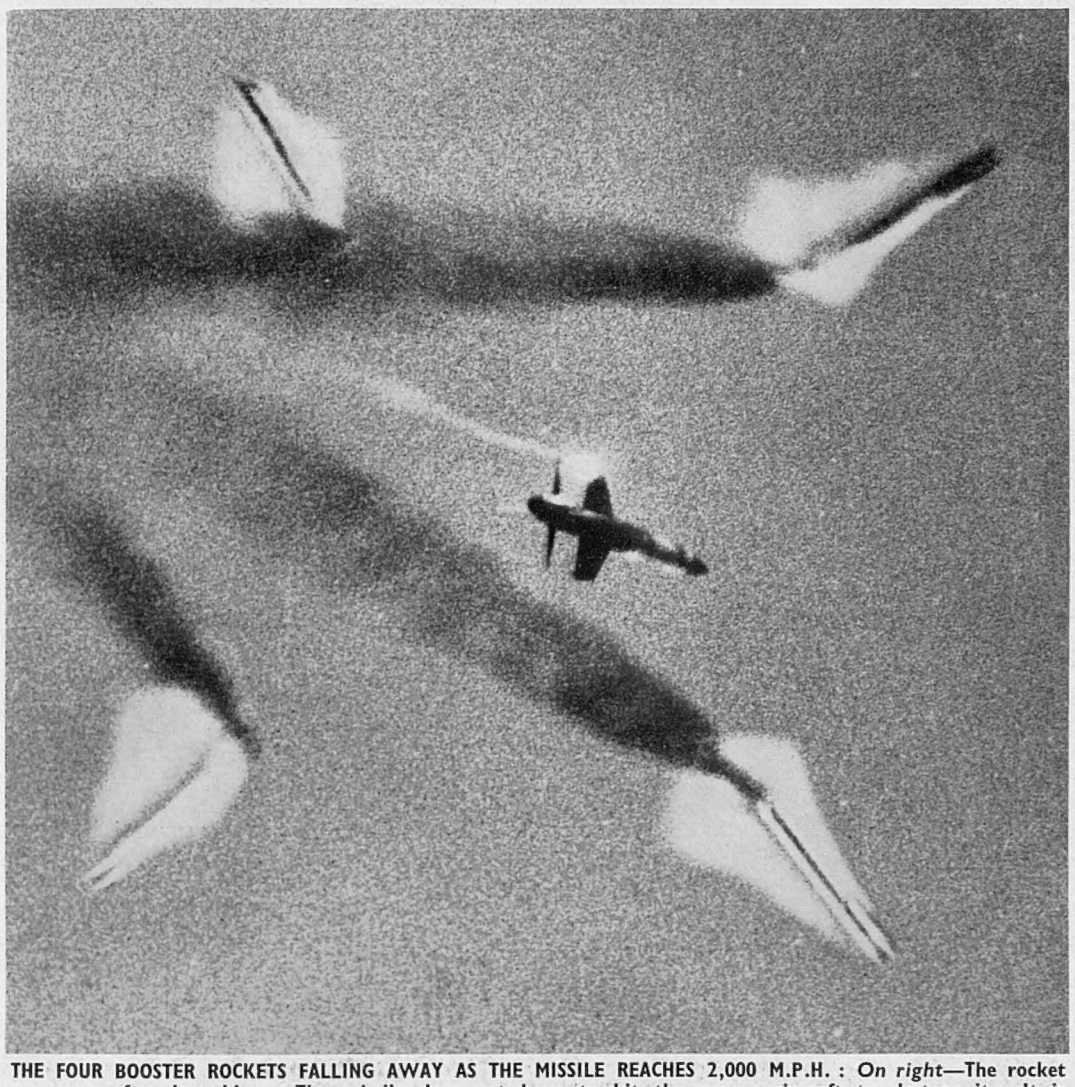
THE LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH WELCOMES THE ROYAL VISITORS: The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret are greeted by the Lord Provost, Sir James Miller, at the Thistle Foundation Settlement, Edinburgh. Some 300 disabled ex-Servicemen and their families live on the Settlement; the Robin Chapel is designed to provide accommodation for about 200 worshippers.

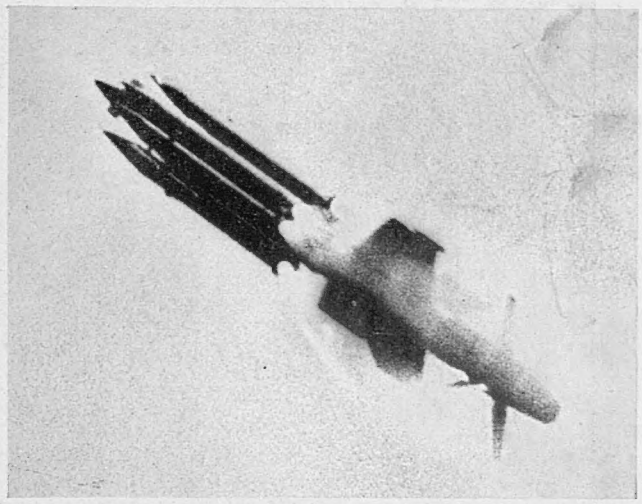


BRITAIN'S LATEST WEAPON—A SURE MEANS OF DEFENCE AGAINST SUPERSONIC BOMBERS : A Meteor jet fighter is seen launching a rocket which will automatically " lock " upon the target, following its every twist and turn while travelling at a speed of 2,000 m.p.h. The initial power for the launching is supplied by four twin-rocket booster engines which fall off once the missile is travelling at a speed of 2,000 m.p.h. The development of this and similar missiles marks the climax of many years work by British firms and scientists, who have had to overcome many technical difficulties. It is claimed that no aircraft can evade the rocket once it has " sensed " the target. The rocket will now go to the Woomera rocket range in Australia, where extensive tests will be carried out with explosive war-heads. If any alteration is found to be necessary it will be effected in the extensive workshops on the range. This latest weapon is superior to previous rockets that have travelled to their target along a radar beam directed from the ground in that it is unaffected by distance. In fact, the nearer it is to the target, the stronger the " scent " becomes. The rockets can be launched from aircraft, ships, and also fired from an artillery gun.

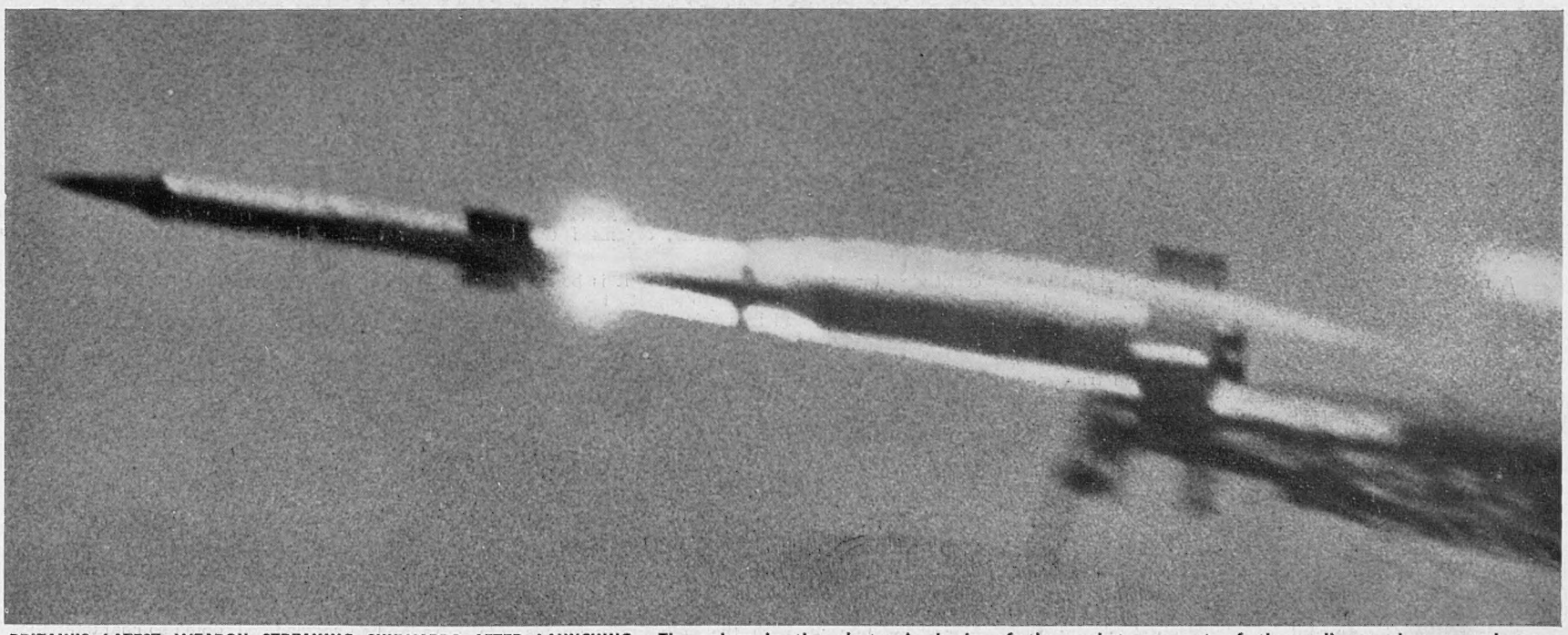
BRITAIN'S 2,000 m.p.h. GUIDED ROCKET

A Pilotless Missile which No Aircraft Can Evade





THE FOUR BOOSTER ROCKETS FALLING AWAY AS THE MISSILE REACHES 2,000 M.P.H. : *On right*—The rocket seen after launching. The missile does not have to hit the enemy aircraft to destroy it. It is fitted with a proximity fuse, which will detonate the war-head once within striking distance.



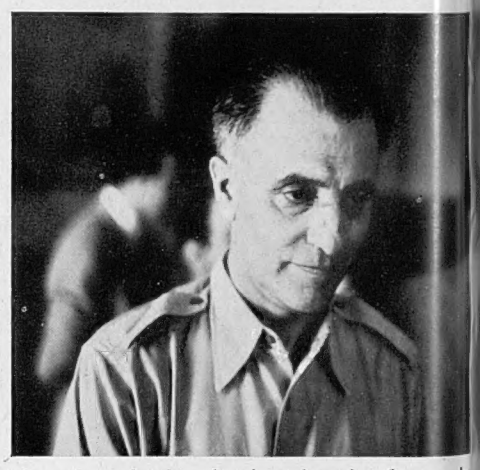
BRITAIN'S LATEST WEAPON STREAKING SKYWARDS AFTER LAUNCHING : The valves in the electronic brain of the rocket are not of the ordinary glass-covered type. They are known as transistors and a cover only a few inches in diameter could hold ten times as many of these valves as are contained in the average television set. Transistors can withstand not only the shock of being launched from a rocket ramp, but also the shock of being launched by high explosive.

TURMOIL IN PERSIA

THE EVENTS OF AN HISTORIC WEEK IN WHICH THE SHAH FLED TO ROME, MOUSSADEK WAS OUSTED BY ZAHEDI AND THE SHAH RETURNED TO HIS CAPITAL IN TRIUMPH

PHASE 1 IN PERSIA'S WEEK OF TURMOIL—THE ATTEMPTED COUP BY THE IMPERIAL GUARD TO OUST MOUSSADEK HAS APPARENTLY FAILED AND THE SUPPORTERS OF THE PREMIER GATHER IN FORCE TO ACCLAIM MOUSSADEK: *Left*—A cheering crowd massed in the Parliament Square after the Prime Minister had announced his success. Tanks formed a ring round the capital and it was rumoured that General Zahedi, the instigator of the coup, had fled to the mountains. On the same day it was made known that the Shah and Queen Soraya had left hurriedly for Bagdad. *Right*—Youths of the Third Force Party, the supporters of Dr. Moussadek, parading through the streets with a vehicle. They shouted slogans against the Court and the Imperialists and seemed sure that they had won an overwhelming victory.

THE PRO-SHAH, ANTI-MOUSSADEK DEMONSTRATORS GO INTO ACTION: Tearing down a sign from a party headquarters in the city of Teheran.



PHASE 2 IN THE BATTLE FOR CONTROL IN TEHERAN—THE ROYALIST SUPPORTERS SWEEP INTO ACTION: *Left*—Royalists driving through the city in triumph after a day of fighting in the capital. General Zahedi (*right*), the Shah's nominee as Prime Minister, organised the battle which resulted in Moussadek having to go into hiding.

At this moment the world is confronted with a series of situations in the Near East, the Middle East and the Far East which cannot be assessed with accuracy, so conflicting are the elements involved.

In Morocco a liberal-minded Sultan has gone into exile seemingly at the joint behest of feudal tribesmen and French civil servants; in Egypt the new Republican masters face a mounting but disorganised opposition; and in India the heirs of Gandhi face the hostility of America's legislators who want them to have no say in the Korean peace settlement, despite Delhi's attempts at mediation in the war so lately concluded.

In Persia the political skein is, if anything, more hopelessly tangled, as witness the many and various attempts of the world Press to sum up the course of events since August 15, when the Shah left his country, presumably upon the failure of the *coup d'état* staged against the Government of Dr. Moussadek by the Imperial Guard.

We shall without doubt have to await a more detailed examination of events before there can be any certitude; for at the time of writing it is being freely said that the Shah left Persia to smooth the course of a pro-Royalist coup, and it is being said also that he fled because his guards bungled the whole affair.

What is quite certain is that the Shah and Queen Soraya flew unannounced into Bagdad on August 16. The Shah's aide stated that they had left Persia because of an unsuccessful coup and that definitely the Shah had not abdicated.

It was significant that the Shah was not met at Bagdad by his Ambassador in Iraq, and when, almost without luggage, he flew on to Rome, there was again no reception from the Persian representative.

While the Shah and his Queen were seemingly going into exile, events were moving rapidly in Teheran. It was stated that General Zahedi, whom the Shah had named as Prime Minister in succession to Dr. Moussadek at the time of the abortive coup, was on the run, while Moussadek himself, with the mob firmly on his side, was seemingly in complete control. As Dr. Fatemi, the Foreign Minister, declared in an article in the evening newspaper, *Bakhtar Emnooz*, "a Royal robbery of the rights of the people" has been prevented; "the dirty, hated and shameful Court," as he described it, had been put to rout.

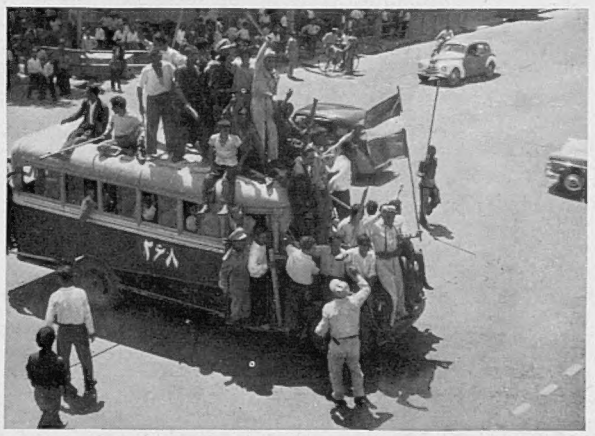
This situation lasted for a mere forty-eight hours, and while the Shah was buying a new tennis racket and new shoes in Rome and his Queen was buying a new dress, street fighting broke out in Teheran, and within a matter of hours it became known that General Zahedi, the Royalist who was supposedly on the run, had made himself master of Persia.

The Shah's nominee, who had turned the tables on Moussadek, seized the key-points in the chief cities. Dr. Moussadek took refuge in a house in Teheran, his own home having been wrecked, and it was reported that Fatemi, the Foreign Minister, had been torn to pieces by the mob.

On August 20 Teheran radio announced that Moussadek had surrendered, doing so characteristically in his pyjamas and apparently in a state of collapse. The death-roll during the fighting in the streets of Teheran was given as 300.

THE ENTRANCE TO DR. MOUSSADEK'S WRECKED HOME : Troops in the courtyard leading to the house where the Premier at first took refuge from the Royalist mob. Later Moussadek fled to another house, where he was trapped.

THE ROYALISTS CARRY THE DEAD BODY OF ONE OF THEIR OPPONENTS THROUGH THE STREETS : This was at the end of the day of fighting in which Zahedi gained control.



THEY COMMANDEERED A BUS TO DRIVE INTO BATTLE : Supporters of the Shah seen during their day-long fight to win control. General Zahedi also deployed forces in other Persian cities in his bid for power.

THE CLIMAX OF THE ROYALIST COUNTER-PLOT : *Left*—Office equipment hurled from one of the newspaper offices which supported Moussadek, seen as it was set on fire by Royalists. *Right*—An injured Royalist being helped from the field of battle. Three hundred are said to have died in the streets of Teheran on the day in which Zahedi achieved supreme power. The police and private citizens flocked to join his cause as the battle developed.

From that moment it seemed clear that Persia had a new master, the dapper, big-booted little General whom the British had kidnapped during the war years because of pro-German sympathies.

After the Royalist victory, the Shah duly received in Rome a summons to return to Teheran, couched in suitably fulsome language : " The Persian people, who love the Shah, and your devoted Army, are impatiently waiting your return and counting the minutes. I beg you to hasten your departure so that your people can show you their sentiments of affection and fidelity." Thus wrote the exuberant Zahedi, and in accordance with his request the Shah (unaccompanied by his ailing Queen) flew back to Teheran, via Bagdad, journeying in a chartered Royal Dutch airliner and not in the proffered British airliner, for that might have brought international complications.

Last Sunday the Shah entered his capital once again. Only a small and select group met him when he arrived at Mehrabad Airport, six miles outside Teheran, piloting his own aircraft on the last stages of the journey.

The Prime Minister, General Zahedi, and his Cabinet, members of the Diplomatic Corps, and senior Army officers, bowed low in welcome. The National Anthem was played when the aircraft touched down. Officers fell at the Shah's feet and kissed them, and eye-witnesses said that he found it difficult to conceal his emotions.

The entire route from the airport to the Shah's summer palace, Saad Abad, was lined with steel-helmeted guards, and tanks stood by in the main squares of Teheran. Several dozen sheep were sacrificed at the palace gate when the Shah arrived.

It is recorded that one of the Shah's first acts was to ask after the health of Dr. Moussadek and to give instructions that he should be treated properly. It was also made known that the former Premier would be tried for treason.

So ended the events of a stirring week—a week in which the element of comic opera was never completely absent, but one fraught with the greatest consequences for the whole Middle Eastern world.

Of the intentions of Persia's new leader we can know little or nothing. We know that he is a man of daring and cunning—he must have been to have outwitted Moussadek. Zahedi's strength lies in his position as chairman of the Ex-Officers' Association, an influential body to which serving officers also belong. He is known to be popular with the South Persian tribes, whose loyalty to the Shah is reinforced by the fact that the Shah chose the daughter of one of the most powerful tribal chiefs as his second Queen.

Zahedi was a supporter of Moussadek in the first days of the oil crisis, but the two men fell out, and Zahedi had to take refuge in the Majlis.

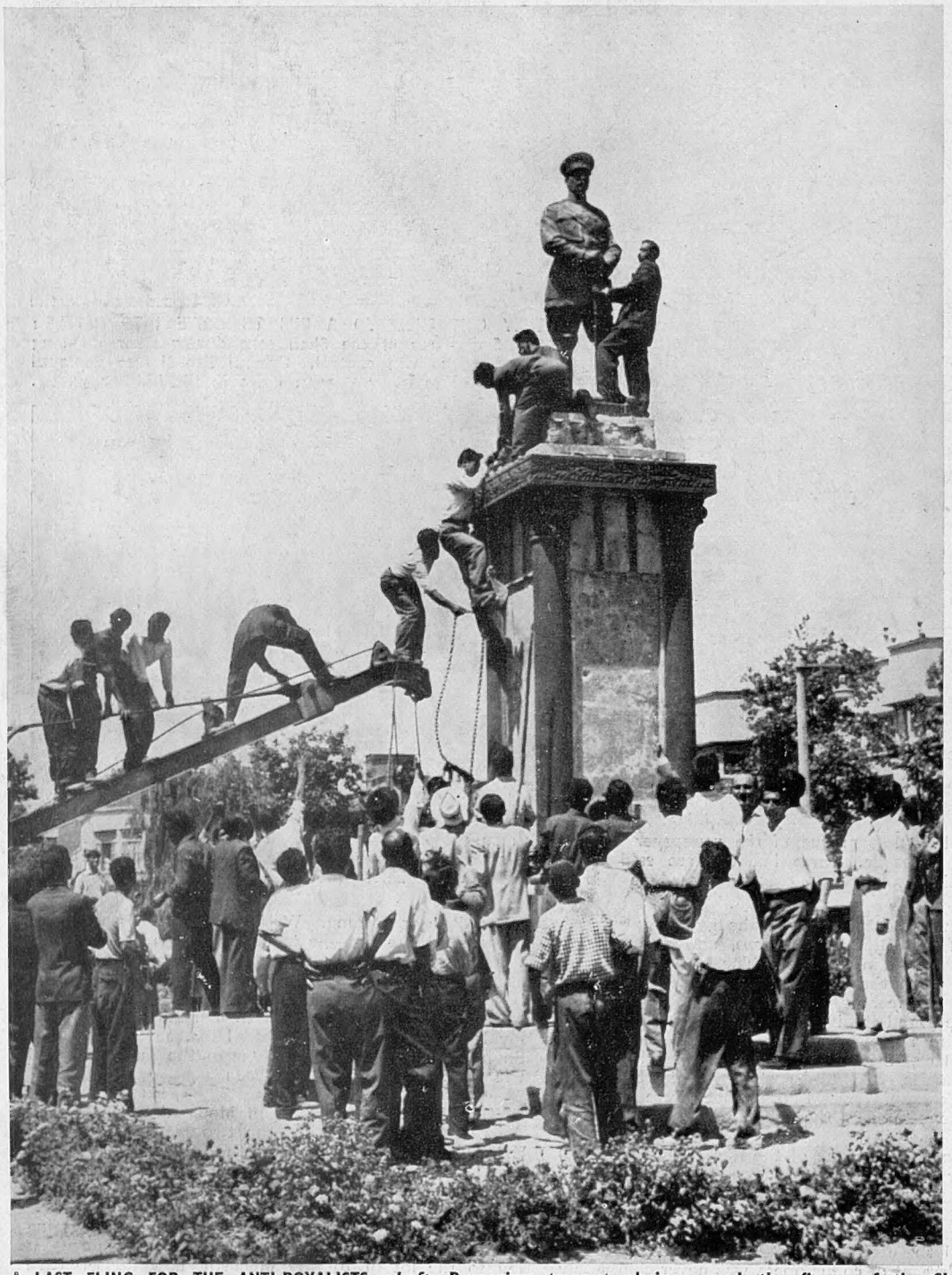
The new leader is a buccaneering type, elegant in attire, well-travelled but with no particular liking for foreigners, Britons in particular.

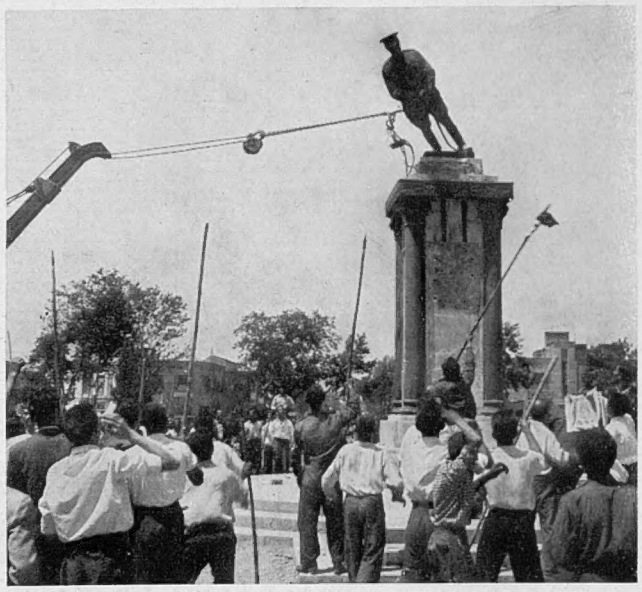
When he was suspected of planning a rising during the war years against the British occupation forces, it fell to the lot of Fitzroy Maclean, now Conservative M.P. for Lancaster, to kidnap the General. The kidnapping was completely successful. Zahedi probably does not forget that fact.

TOPPLING OVER THE STATUES OF THE SHAH'S FATHER

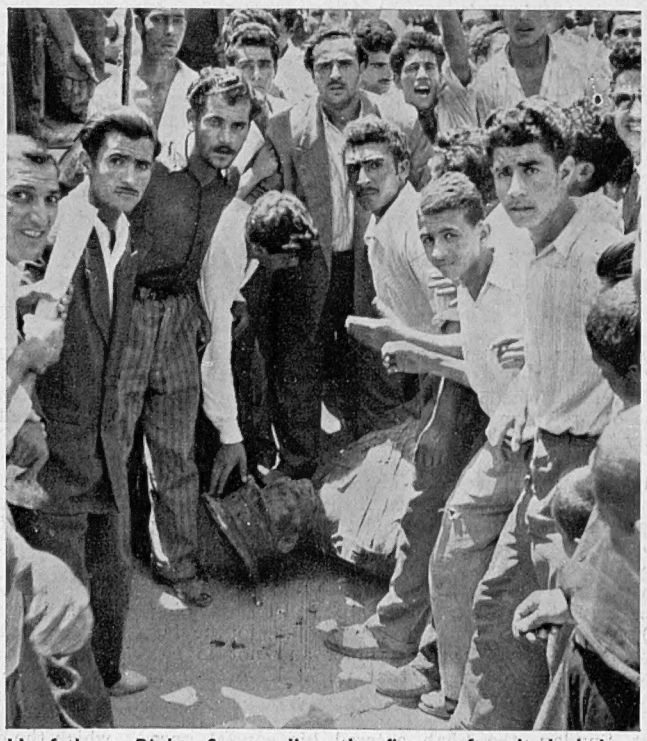
How the Supporters of Moussadek Celebrated Their Temporary Triumph in Teheran

PULLING DOWN THE STATUE OF REZA SHAH PAHLEVI, THE FATHER OF THE PRESENT SHAH AND THE FOUNDER OF THE DYNASTY: *Left*—The statue, with chains attached, before it was dragged from its pedestal in a Teheran square by exuberant supporters of Dr. Moussadek, who believed that their triumph was complete following the Shah's flight into exile. *Right*—The statue on its side, before being finally pulled to the ground. Reza Shah Pahlevi abdicated on September 16, 1941.





ANOTHER STATUE OF REZA SHAH FALLS TO THE GROUND: Moussadek supporters cheering as a crane pulled the figure from its lofty pedestal in Parliament Square, Teheran.



A LAST FLING FOR THE ANTI-ROYALISTS: *Left*—Preparing to put chains round the figure of the Shah's father. *Right*—Surrounding the figure after it had been dragged to the ground. This was, indeed, the last fling of the pro-Moussadek supporters in Teheran, for on the following days troops, police and citizens united to overthrow the Moussadek regime in a spontaneous outburst of disgust at the Government which had plunged Persia into a state of bankruptcy.

THE SHAH'S FLIGHT TO ROME

To the World it Seemed to be the End of a Chapter; In Actuality it was the Prelude to Stirring Events

THE ARRIVAL AT CIAMPINO AIRPORT, ROME: The Shah and Queen Soraya reached the Italian capital with very little luggage. On the following day came the dramatic news that the Shah's appointee, General Zahedi, had turned the tables on Moussadek. Mr. Noury, the Persian Ambassador, did not greet the Shah on his arrival in Rome. It has since been said that the Shah sought temporary sanctuary in Rome in order not to form a centre for further demonstrations and to allow General Zahedi to proceed with his plans in Teheran.

SEEKING SANCTUARY IN ROME, THE NEAREST NON ARAB, NON MOHAMMEDAN CAPITAL TO PERSIA: Queen Soraya and the Shah of Persia seen on their arrival in Rome after flying from Iraq. They had left Persia only forty-eight hours before, apparently in great haste on the failure of the first attempt by Palace Guards to seize power from Premier Moussadek.

BUYING A TENNIS RACQUET: The Shah makes a purchase on his first day in Rome. *On right*—ENTERING A RESTAURANT IN ROME: The Shah with Queen Soraya. They were accompanied only by the Shah's personal pilot and one member of the Court.

MAINLY POLITICAL

A Survey of the Foreign News During a Remarkable August Fraught with Dramatic Events

THE NEW ORDER IN MOROCCO AS THE TRIBES REBEL AND MARCH ON THE CAPITAL: *Left*—Si Thami El Glaoui, Pasha of Marrakesh and Lord of the Atlas Mountains looking on as the pashas and caids came in turn to sign the document appointing Mohammed Ben Moulay Arafa to be Grand Imam of Morocco and supreme head of the Muslims. *Right*—The new Grand Imam who, two days after his elevation, succeeded his nephew as Sultan of Morocco, the latter having been banished on the orders of General Guillaume, the French Resident-General, who interrupted his holiday in France to deal with the explosive situation, verging rapidly on civil war.

On the night of August 20 the Sultan of Morocco, the forty-two-year-old Mohammed Ben Youssef, ruler and spiritual head of 8,000,000 people, was exiled by the French and his aged uncle, Mohammed Ben Moulay Arafa, who had already taken his place as Grand Imam, took his place also as Sultan. Thus ended the extraordinary rebellion which has been led by El Glaoui, the Pasha of Marrakesh, and is said to have been fomented by French civil servants. The final act in the drama came when El Glaoui and his Berber tribesmen, white-robed warriors bent on holy war against the Sultan, descended upon Rabat, pouring from the desert on horse and foot. General Guillaume, the French Resident-General, went to meet them, attempting to stop the bloodshed which would have set all North Africa aflame. The Berbers agreed to hold their hand, but only if the Resident-General would himself depose the Sultan. This Guillaume did at once, and so Sultan Mohammed Ben Youssef, whose family have ruled in Morocco since 1639, was put on a French Air Force plane and despatched to Corsica, where he will live under guard with his two sons, Prince Hamid and Prince Abdallah. 250,000 French men and women in Morocco breathed a sigh of relief at the departure of the anti-French Sultan, but how they will fare now that the Pasha of Marrakesh and the feudal elements which he leads have won this triumph is another matter.

GENERAL NEGUIB'S PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA: Egypt's dictator-President seen in the ceremonial robes which he donned for his flight in a military plane to the Holy City. *Below*—General Neguib's wife (right) landing at Jeddah, followed by the General's sister. While in Arabia it was expected that the Egyptian President would discuss with King Abdul-Aziz the question of a Saudi-Arabian loan to Egypt.

PAKISTAN'S PRIME MINISTER IN INDIA: Mr. Mohammed Ali placing a wreath on the spot where Mahatma Gandhi was cremated. The Premier had just arrived by air in Delhi for a series of talks with Mr. Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister, on Indo-Pakistan problems. A cheering, surging crowd of 10,000 people broke the police cordons at the airport, swamping all organised committees in an unrehearsed greeting of its own. Mr. Mohammed Ali was smothered with garlands. Dignitaries there to meet him were submerged by the crowd and all attempts at introductions had to be abandoned.

WEST BERLIN CHILDREN PLAY HOST TO THE CHILDREN OF EAST BERLIN : Youngsters from the Soviet Sector crossing the border into the American Sector, where they were received by the Mayor of Kreuzberg, who introduced them to the children of his own borough. Each of the 400 visiting children received a packet of sweets and sixpence in cash to purchase a small toy or chocolates in a West Berlin shop.

THE FOREIGN SECRETARY IN THE MEDITERRANEAN : Mr. Anthony Eden, looking sunburnt but still rather thin, seen with his wife as he set out by launch from Villefranche to join H.M.S. *Surprise*, which took him to Greece, where he has been continuing his holiday. Mr. Eden is expected to have fully recovered and be back at work in the early autumn.

THE CHALLENGER TO PROFESSOR PICCARD—THE FRENCH NAVY'S BATHYSCAPHE, F.R.N.S.3, WHICH MADE A RECORD DIVE : The bathyscaphe was manned by Commandant Houot, who is seen approaching the conning tower, and Engineer Officer Rene Willm, who is not in this picture. Two dives were made in the Mediterranean off Cap Ferrat. In the first one the bathyscaphe reached a depth of 4,921 ft.—a French record—and then a few days later, Commandant Houot repeated this feat, this time reaching a depth of 6,890 ft. The bathyscaphe, which was once used by Professor Piccard, who designed it, was submerged for four-and-a-half hours. It was towed to the spot where the dive took place from the French naval yard at Toulon, by the Survey Vessel *Elie Monnier*. The bathyscaphe is not attached to a parent vessel during a dive, but is completely free, sinking by its own weight and releasing ballast in order to return to the surface. It is designed to withstand the tremendous pressure of deep water down to 33,000 ft.

EDGAR SANDERS FREED : The forty-seven-year-old British business-man smiling happily as he crossed the border from Hungary into Austria by car. Sanders was greeted in Vienna by his wife and three daughters, and they arrived in London on Thursday of last week in a privately-chartered aircraft. Sanders was imprisoned by the Hungarian Government three-and-a-half years ago on a charge of spying, being tried in a Budapest People's Court. An American colleague, Mr. Robert Vogeler, who was sentenced with him, was released two years ago. In England Sanders explained how confessions had been extracted from him.

On right—

ITALY'S NEW PREMIER IS SWORN-IN : Signor Guiseppe Pella is seen (left) signing the declaration of office at the Quirinal in the presence of President Einaudi (right). The new Premier, who also took over the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the Exchequer, is the third politician to try to form a new Government in Italy since the recent General Elections. Signor Pella faced Parliament for the first time on August 19, and, in sober, identical speeches delivered first to the Senate and then to the Chamber, outlined the programme of what he emphasised was a transitory Government formed to carry out limited and urgent tasks. In the Chamber, sitting as a simple Deputy, was Signor de Gasperi, for eight years Prime Minister. Earlier in the day he had been welcomed on his return to Rome by Ministers, including Signor Pella, to whom he afterwards handed over the function of Prime Minister.

A COMPELLING PLEA FOR CARE ON THE ROADS: This is a scene from the Swedish documentary film, *To Kill a Child*, directed by Gösta Werner and included in the elaborate programme of the Edinburgh Film Festival.

On left—
"JOHNNY ON THE RUN": The boy escapes from the police and his angry aunt down an Edinburgh alleyway. This film for children was made partly in Edinburgh and partly on Loch Earn. It is the story of a runaway Polish boy who finds refuge in an international children's village.

Films from Thirty-five Lands at Edinburgh

The Edinburgh Film Festival, Held in Conjunction with that City's Great Festival of the Arts, Brings a Comprehensive Summary of a Year's Work in the Cinema

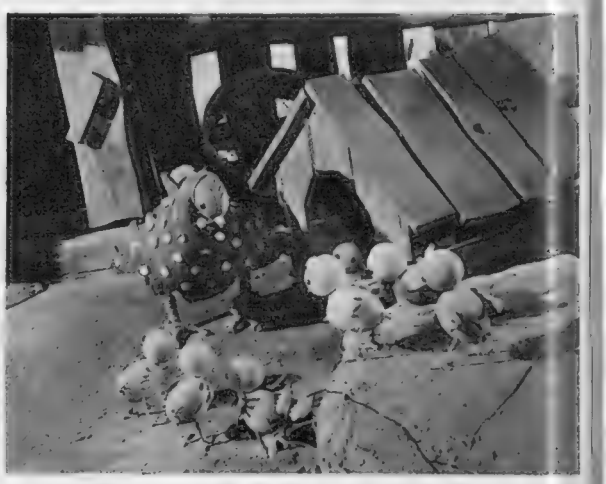
By FORSYTH HARDY

EMBLAZONED above the screen in an Edinburgh cinema, in the days when films were silent and knew no language barriers, was the invitation: "Here See the World Before You!" Although the legend has long since disappeared—and in any case the Anglo-American domination of the commercial cinema makes it invalid—it could be aptly revived for the Edinburgh Film Festival which every year puts the best of the world's films on show for Festival audiences in the Scottish capital.

This year an entry of over 300 films has been reduced by a process of sifting and selection to about half that number, representing the work of thirty-five countries. In addition to films from the British Commonwealth, the countries of Western and Eastern Europe, and the United States, there are films from Brazil, Venezuela, Mexico and China, adding an exotic flavour to the programmes. With films from Afghanistan, Eritrea and the Philippines, the United Nations Organisation has increased the international range of the performances.

The Festival opened (on August 23) with a programme finely in the tradition it has maintained over the seven years since it was launched. *Martin Luther*, the feature film, is a product of German-American collaboration. It was produced by Lothar Wolff in Germany for Louis de Rochement, the distinguished American film-maker, whose name was closely associated for so long with the "March of Time" series and who succeeded in making factual drama exciting in such films as *Boomerang* and 13 *Rue Madeleine*. His new film is similarly successful in bringing a real story vividly to life. With sincerity and integrity in the treatment, the film becomes moving and memorable. Irving Pichel, its American director, keeps the story moving fluently and the dramatic climaxes are well taken. Niall MacGinnis gives an inspired performance in the chief part and the other players are drawn from Britain and Germany. Produced for the Lutheran Church, the film has been extraordinarily successful when shown in the ordinary cinemas in the United States, and it may well repeat that success in this country.

Sharing the opening programme with *Martin Luther* were two shorter films. For some years Walt Disney has been sending annually his new nature film to the Festival. *The Olympic Elk* was made in the Olympia Peninsula of western Washington, one of the most primitive regions of the United States. The animals are followed by the camera from the forests of the lower slopes to the high summer pastures where the mountain snow lingers. The turning year brings the mating season and the high mountain valleys are filled with the spine-tingling bugling of the massive bull elk—surely the strangest sound of the whole Festival! There was also a short experimental work from the Netherlands, *The Conquered Planet*, an impression of an expedition to Mars, highly skilful and inventive in treatment.



A PUPPET FILM FROM CZECHOSLOVAKIA: A family scene from *Nine Little Chickens*. Czech film-makers have long excelled in the art of puppet and cartoon films.

The Festival's first week brought programmes in various styles. One of the most impressive was devoted to films on art. *Vincent Van Gogh*, a film from the Netherlands in colour, is an attempt to convey something of the life of the Dutch painter by showing his pictures in relation to the districts where he worked, and using as commentary his own words extracted from letters written to his brother Theo. The blending of painting, moving photograph, words and music is extraordinarily effective. It could have been achieved in no other form than film—a merit not attached to all similar films. *Oslo City Hall* is an impression in colour of the range and rich variety of the decoration of this remarkable building. *Varley*, also in colour, is a portrait of the Canadian painter, Frederick Varley. In a style both intimate and revealing, it shows how the artist reacted to his experiences in the First World War. Other films which helped to make this programme of art films an exciting experience included *Reveron* from Venezuela and *Brueghel l'Ancien* from France.

Another programme of the first week brought together three highly-contrasted films from France. *Crin Blanc* is the story of a small boy and his wild white horse, made in the Camargue by Albert Lamorisse: a film which remarkably combines poetry and savagery and makes an unforgettable impact. *Le Rideau Cramoisi*, by Alexandre Astruc, is an intensely dramatic story of two young lovers whose romance ends in tragedy, made with an almost claustrophobic intimacy. *Le Grand Melies* is a study by the brilliant young French director, Georges Franju, of the French inventor of cinematography in which his wife, now eighty-nine years of age, appears.

The first week produced no film more unusual than *Life in the Arctic*, a Russian popular scientific film.

BY A MEXICAN LAKE: Fisherfolk in *World Without End*, the documentary directed for U.N.E.S.C.O. by Basil Wright and Paul Rotha and filmed both in Mexico and Thailand. This important film has been given its world premiere in Edinburgh. It examines problems common to Mexico and Thailand, and although the two directors operated at a distance of 10,000 miles from each other, a harmonious result has been achieved.

POLITICAL OVERTONES DOMINATE THE NEW FILMS FROM POLAND AND RUSSIA, BOTH DEALING WITH THE LIVES OF GREAT COMPOSERS—*Left*—A scene from *The Young Chopin*, a very beautifully photographed film at the Edinburgh Festival. *Right*—An animated scene in *Glinka*, directed by G. Alexandrov. It was Glinka who really brought to birth the school of Russian music, and the film emphasizes his association with Pushkin and Gogol. The political motives are very clear-cut in both these pictures.

Made with sustained patience and resourcefulness, this film shows how underneath the ice of the Arctic zone lives a multitude of marine animals which prey and are preyed upon. Later sequences in the film are devoted to the seals, polar bears, and walruses, the animals being seen in astonishingly revealing shots. The hero of the film is a young polar bear, seen during the winter hibernation and the first excursions of spring.

The end of the first week brought *Johnny on the Run*, a film for children made partly in Edinburgh and partly at St. Fillans, on Loch Earn. The story of a runaway Polish boy who finds refuge in an international children's village is directed by Lewis Gilbert with sympathy and imagination.

Sunday, August 30, will be one of the Festival's biggest days. Edinburgh is acting as host this year for the final ceremony of the David O. Selznick Silver and Golden Laurel Awards, made to the films and film-makers contributing most to international understanding. The presentations are to be made by the American Ambassador and the Earl of Selkirk. The winning films in the five language divisions are: British—*The Cruel Sea*; French—*Le Petit Monde de Don Camillo*; German—*Sie Fanden Eine Heimat* ("The Village"); Italian—*Europa '51*; and Scandinavian—*Barabbas*. A new award, the Golden Laurel Trophy, will be presented to Sir Alexander Korda as the European film-maker whose work through the years has made an important contribution to international understanding and good will. It is highly appropriate that this award, where the ideas are considered of more importance than the technique, should be made in Edinburgh.

Sunday evening will bring the world premiere of another film whose theme is of first importance. Last year two well-known documentary directors, Basil Wright and Paul Rotha, were commissioned by U.N.E.S.C.O. to make a film about the present movements of social and economic reform in Mexico and Thailand. The result is *World Without End*, a film which opens with the challenging statement: "I am a man. Everything that has something to do with human beings has something to do with me," and which proceeds to examine problems in health, education and agriculture common to these two and other countries. It is a film in the highest tradition of British documentary where purpose and treatment are intelligently related and where the final effect is entirely satisfying.

The same programme will include as a contrast the lighthearted piece of nonsense, *The Pleasure Garden*, made among the decaying ruins of the Crystal Palace by the American poet, James Broughton.

The Conquest of Annapurna, a record in colour of the French Himalayan Expedition of 1950, will also be shown on Sunday, August 30. An authentic, moving and dramatic film, it describes the hardships suffered by the members of the expedition.

The second week will bring the premiere of a Chinese film, *A Torn Lily*, an unusual story set about a thousand years ago during the Sung Dynasty in China when the Yellow River was a constant source of horror to the people. Its story in picture and sound introduces much fascinating material, and in style and treatment the film is one of the most distinctive showing at the Festival.

Two of the major films are devoted to the work of composers. The Russian film, *Glinka*, directed by G. Alexandrov, is a study of the composer of "Life for the Tsar" and of his association with Pushkin and Gogol. There are many stirring musical moments and the film is magnificently photographed by Tisse, who was Eisenstein's cameraman in Mexico. Political overtones are to be found in this film, and in *The Young Chopin*, from Poland, but both films nevertheless impress because of their real feeling and reverence for music. The Polish film is likewise beautifully photographed.

O Cangaceiro ("The Bandit") is the Brazilian film which aroused so much interest at the Cannes and Berlin Film Festivals. Set in the *coatinga*, a vast, barren area in the north of the country, it describes the bandits who inhabit the area and the code of honour, with its savage penalties to which they subscribe. This is likely to be one of the Festival's most sensational films.

THE HEIGHTS OF ANNAPURNA: The great Himalayan peak, which was conquered by the French Expedition of 1950, provides an authentic, moving and dramatic film in Technicolor, showing the hardships suffered by the members of the expedition. This film will be shown in the Edinburgh programme on August 30.

THE BOY WHO WANTED TO PLAY THE TROMBONE: He is the central figure in the appealing Canadian film, *Musician in the Family*.

SURVEYING A VAN GOGH MASTERPIECE: An auction-room scene in one of the art films at the Edinburgh Festival, *Vincent Van Gogh*, which has been made in the Netherlands in colour.

The chief British entries at the Festival have overseas locations. *Song of Africa* was made in colour in Uganda by a Group 3 unit under the direction of Cyril Frankel, the story being by Montagu Slater. *Operation Malaya*, directed by David Macdonald, is a record of the fighting against the terrorists, made in the jungle.

Czechoslovakia has sent a number of puppet and cartoon films at which the country's film-makers have for long excelled. It is astonishing how much gaiety has been given to such a short piece as *Nine Little Chickens*. Another film, *The Apple Tree With Golden Fruit*, shows how a botanical lesson can be taught in the frame of entertainment.

Of the many delightful short films in different styles I will mention only two. One is *Musician in the Family*, an appealing and human little story of a farmer's son in Western Canada who wanted to play the trombone. It makes its point—that a young musician deserves as much encouragement in the country as in the town—with freshness and humour. The other is a Swedish film, *To Kill a Child*, by Gösta Werner, made with such force and feeling that no one who sees it is likely to forget its compelling plea for care on the roads.

Films alone cannot make a Festival: there must also be something in the air. It would seem that films in sufficient range and quality have been gathered in Edinburgh. Responsive audiences can help to make the experience rewarding.

THE MALAISE OF MODERN FRANCE

A Glance at Her Economic and Industrial History Indicates How the Present Calamitous Position Has Developed; the Deputies and Their Share of the Blame

By F. A. JUDD

THE Cabinet of M. Laniel has inherited a multitude of problems; not least, an alarming financial hiatus. Earlier this year, at a time when the financial position of the country became deeply critical and the late Premier, M. Mayer, was painfully negotiating an 80 milliard franc advance from the Bank of France to meet immediate commitments, the question was raised in the National Assembly of the need for cattle to be vaccinated against foot-and-mouth disease. Normally, one would expect this expense to be borne by farmers themselves, but on the contrary, the Deputies of the rural areas who wished to retain the support of their constituents demanded that the State should pay the charge, amounting to about 1 milliard francs. The Minister of Agriculture, also a Deputy for a rural area, concurred in the demand, and when told by the Minister of Finance that the Exchequer could not bear any additional strain, is reported to have replied, "After all, you are getting a loan of 80 milliard francs from the Bank, so 1 milliard is not very much to assist my supporters." That more or less sums up the current attitude of mind, and with the present Deputies it is hardly surprising that any Government should find it difficult to put its house in order. To a large extent the Deputies have been directly responsible for the present state of affairs. France appears to be suffering from a deep-seated malaise, with neither the will nor the vitality to recover. However, it is worth while to inquire to what extent the present economic situation is also the result of legacies from the distant past.

When reference is made to the glorious years of French history one frequently remembers the reign of Le Roi Soleil, but less frequently is it recalled that at the time of the French Revolution France was the foremost industrial country in the world. Certainly England was gradually overtaking her, but before the Napoleonic Wars France possessed a great and prosperous cloth industry which included wool, linen, hemp, silk and cotton goods.

The export of French manufactures was large and increasing rapidly, and her colonial trade in 1789 was greater than that of England in 1771-2, when this country possessed all her American colonies. However, it was inevitable that England would soon take the lead and the French Revolution merely hastened the inevitable.

Economic chaos followed the Revolution, and one of the main reasons for Napoleon's rise to power and continuance in power was his ability to achieve order and economic security. Prior to his rule, there was no economic unity and different tolls, weights and measures, tariffs, Customs and laws existed in a large number of semi-autonomous regions. Napoleon swept all these away and organised the country into departments or counties with a system of weights and measures, coinage and law common to the whole country. Administration was centralised and with the assistance of a Council of State and the Prefects he appointed in charge of each Department, he was in touch with everything that was happening. The result was a bureaucracy, more enlightened, more active and more competent than Europe had ever seen before. While he provided good transport facilities, he attempted to foster industry by a system of protection which, by keeping out goods or only allowing in imports of essential raw materials and machinery, has been one of the chief causes of the slow transition of France to a modern industrial nation.

The administration Napoleon established continued to work in later reigns and survived the revolutions of 1830, 1848, and in fact his framework held together the economic life of France throughout the nineteenth century. The foundations he laid enabled France to continue as the second greatest industrial power until 1870.

After 1815, France was exhausted, and it was not until 1830 that her foreign trade recovered to the 1789 level. Although recovery was steady, the conditions of the nineteenth century demanded improved technical skill, machinery and good supplies of coal and iron. France's supplies of iron were adequate, but coal was the trouble. In addition to inadequate coal resources, a policy of protection was continued until 1860, which effectively shut out imports of machinery. Large areas which produced coal and iron were also lost to France in 1815 and 1871. As a result of the lack of coal and consequently machinery, factory production along English lines developed very slowly. All these disadvantages were cumulative; no concentration of the iron and steel industry; high cost of imported materials and of railway construction leading to an inadequate railway system; in turn, the geographical pattern of industry changed very little and remained split up into local and regional groups.

But it is when one considers the history of industrial conditions during the past century that so much of the labour unrest becomes easier to understand. Workmen's combinations were illegal in France before 1789, and despite the high-sounding phrases of the Revolution, the restrictions continued. Yet workmen's associations existed — the Paris Printers' Union was even recognised by the employers in 1839—and were sometimes disguised as Friendly Societies. Legally debarred from forming unions, workmen united in "resistance societies" with violence as the means of expression, and so it continued until the end of the nineteenth century, when the right of permanent association became legal.

In 1879 at the Trade Union Congress a Marxian programme was adopted which caused the Liberals to withdraw, leaving the remaining unions to become closely associated with the Socialist political movement. It was an unhappy period, during which the movement practically died out, but later two rival movements were founded which soon amalgamated as the C.G.T., an organisation which was composed of individual unions small in membership—it did not exceed 400,000 in 1914—and weak financially. The French workman is prepared to give more vocal than financial support to his unions.

A syndicalist policy was immediately adopted which detracted from the possibility of the C.G.T. becoming a strong political force. Social Democracy as represented by Parliamentary Socialism was too slow a policy for French trade unions. From the very outset the trade unions attacked the State, with a policy of direct and strike action, and a general aim not merely of improving working conditions but also the complete overthrow of the existing social system. The temperament of the people appears to be one which favours revolutionary change and not a slow, solid building-up of a weapon that can gain concessions by bargaining.

The original aim of the present strike was primarily against the Government—not the employers—and to stop the decrees imposing pension cuts, freezing wages, raising the retirement age and limiting the size of the staffs in the Civil Service and nationalised industries. State interference and control of industry is a long-established tradition in France—certainly from the time of Colbert—and the Government is the natural enemy. Failing in these demands, the unions pressed for the recall of the National Assembly and backed their demands by strike action. But the unions themselves are not united and rivalry exists between the Communist C.G.T., the Socialist C.G.T., and the Federation of Christian Trade Unions and independent unions, all with their own separate policies. None of the three federations have much authority over the affiliated unions and consequently some have called for general strikes, others unlimited strikes, while the remainder offer a choice of limited strikes, twenty-four-hour strikes or forty-eight-hour strikes. In England it is sometimes the impression that T.U.C. leaders have lost touch with the rank-and-file members—in France it has hardly ever existed.

On the other side of the fence has been the Government. The history of France since 1918 is the story of the downfalls of successive Governments. In the early '30's financial scandals and large-scale bankruptcies shattered confidence in the semi-Right parties and the Radicals, supported by the Socialists, came into power. Daladier's Government of January to October 1933 has been described as the last comparatively stable and normal Government of the Third Republic; thereafter the numerical strength of the Left began to destroy Governments as fast as they were formed. In 1936 Blum took office as the first Socialist Premier at the head of a People's Front Government of Radicals, Socialists and Communists. He was faced immediately by grievous strikes.

The present Republic—the Fourth—has had a new constitution and started with Ramadier as Premier in a Government of Socialists, Communists and M.R.P. (Catholic and Democrats). Very soon the Communists withdrew—in order to be able to attack the Government.

M. Mayer's Government was as ineffective as its predecessors, and the financial situation was desperate. With the present National Assembly, it is impossible for any Government to govern, and until there are reforms in the Constitution, little can be done. Any change in the Constitution can only be made by the present Deputies, who have no desire to commit political suicide, and appear to prefer that the nation should suffer—even perish—rather than forgo their positions.

When at last, after the longest and most dramatic Government crisis of the Fourth Republic, another Premier was able to form a Government, M. Laniel found himself in charge of a country plagued by inflation. Already this year the Government has created 155 milliard francs of new money and has been authorised to create 100 milliard more. The Budget and the foreign trade account are hopelessly unbalanced and the economy, after a steady but inadequate expansion since the end of the war, has suffered a decline in all sectors.

M. Laniel, faced with these problems, began with financial reforms; these reforms have led to strikes which may well equal in their intensity and repercussions those of 1936. There is a trial of strength between the Government and the trade unions backed by the Socialists and Communists. The trade unions have always believed in strike action, and there is undoubtedly real discontent because of the low living standard.

It is difficult to imagine what is necessary to break down the predominating self-interest of the trade union members and of the Deputies. The ordinary French people are becoming inured to calamity howling—they have been hearing it almost since they can remember. To tackle their economic problems or to allow the Government to tackle them is the best course; the French do the next best thing—they ignore them. However, one or two recent shocks, including the Hillman Report, have brought moves in the right direction, one of which is the proposed reform in the Constitution which would substitute a relative majority for the absolute majority which a new Premier now has to obtain before he can take office.

Fundamentally, France has great wealth, not the least of which is the thrift of her population, and it is probable that this year, while the Government on the one hand has been creating new money, the population, on the other, has been hoarding it. At least there has been no corresponding increase in the note circulation.

The character of France is that of saver and investor, not of spendthrift. France has always had strife and indiscipline, but in the past her immense latent strength has pulled her through. That strength still exists and a less selfish attitude on the part of her Deputies, with a mending of their ways, together with more responsible action by trade unions with the reforms that are necessary, would produce startling results in an amazingly short time. But the first step is to remove the incredulity of the people which meets any step by the Government to put its house in order and to stop living from day to day.

THEY BATTLED THEIR WAY HOME FROM AUSTERLITZ : Passengers arriving at the Austerlitz Station, in Paris, having reached the capital on one of the very few trains running in strike-bound France. They were mostly returning holiday-makers who had come from Hendaye. Once in Paris they had to walk to their homes.

On right—

THE GARE DE L'EST IS DESERTED : The great railway terminal as it appeared during the first days of the strike.

AMERICA'S LONE HAND IN THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY

A Divergence of View at the United Nations Over the Admission of India to the Korean Peace Conference

ONE MAN IN AN EMPTY HALL, AND FOUR MEN IN A HUDDLE: There were unusual happenings at the opening special session of the United Nations' General Assembly in New York last week, when the delegates met to clear the decks for the Far East political conference provided for in Article 60 of the Korean Armistice. Henry Cabot Lodge, the senior delegate of the United States, is seen in the picture *on the left* sitting in lonely state to mark his view that India should not have a seat at the conference. *Right*—The chief Indian delegate, Mr. Krishna Menon, discusses his country's position with the representatives of France, M. Maurice Schuman and M. Henri Hoppenot. Britain and other members of the British Commonwealth of Nations have sponsored India's inclusion in the Far East conference.

Senator Cabot Lodge announced last week that the United States would vote against India taking part in the Korean Political Conference, and so affirmed that America would continue her lone opposition to India which was so clearly marked at the U.N. General Assembly meeting, where the accompanying pictures were taken. Until that announcement it was by no means certain that America would continue on the strong line she had adopted.

The British view, which has been clearly expressed by Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, is that invitations to the Far East Conference should go out to all the sixteen countries which have had forces in Korea, as well as to Russia and to India.

At first it was reported that America wanted to bar the door to both the Soviet Union and India. Then it became apparent that the United States was more concerned with the form of the invitation to Russia. The U.S. Government apparently do not object to Russia's presence, but they want her to come as a member of the Communist camp. The British view is that Russia must be there in any case, and it does not matter whether she comes as a thinly-disguised neutral or not.

As regards the Indian position it seems that South Korea has been pressing heavily for India to be excluded. Syngman Rhee regards Nehru as a member of the Communist camp, and this has obviously led him to make strong representations in Washington.

There the matter rested at the end of last week, and it was obvious that very difficult days lay ahead if an amicable solution was to be reached, and particularly if India was not to be offended either by exclusion from the vital conference or by the manner of her inclusion.

The General Assembly meeting at which these differences came to the forefront lasted a total of only eight minutes, for the Assembly decided that the whole question of the Far East conference should be considered by the Political and Security Committee.

THE U.N. ASSEMBLY AT ITS EIGHT-MINUTE SESSION: The delegates decided to refer to its Political and Security Committee the question of the make-up of the Far Eastern Political Conference. This was the first time the Assembly had met since April, when it went into recess to await the Korean truce. Spectators voiced displeasure at the early closure.

LESTER B. PEARSON, OF CANADA, PRESIDING AT THE SESSION: The President of the Assembly struck a sombre note as he reminded the sixty members of the earthquake disaster in Greece, and expressed the United Nations' sympathy to the Greek Government.

GAIETY IN THE LOBBY: Senator Alexander Wiley (left), a U.S. delegate to the United Nations and chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, seen in conversation with an equally gay Andrei Vishinsky, of Russia. In the centre is Zarubin, Soviet Ambassador to the United States.

Disaster in the Ionian Islands

The Aftermath of the Great Earth Tremors on the West Coast of Greece

THE CITY OF ZAKYNTHOS, WHERE FIRES STILL RAGED FOUR DAYS AFTER THE LAST OF THE EARTH TREMORS HAD TAKEN PLACE : This aerial view shows the stricken capital of the island of Zante. There the death-roll was highest in the great earthquake disaster which overcame the South Ionian Islands. Most of the inhabitants of Zakynthos have taken shelter in the hills, but they come down to Zakynthos for shipborne water and food supplies, brought to them by the New Zealand cruiser *Black Prince*.

RESCUED FROM THE BURNING : Refugees at Argostoli, Cephalonia, with bedding which they managed to retrieve after the disaster. Military huts and tents to accommodate 10,000 people have been rushed to the Ionian Islands by British forces in Egypt's Canal Zone.

AN IMPROVISED HOME : Islanders in the shelter which they built for themselves outside one of the ruined towns. As the days go by, more and more of the refugees are being accommodated in tents.

A TRAGEDY REPEATED in the IONIAN ISLES

The Earthquake Disaster of 1953 Follows the Pattern of the Disaster in 1867, Which Laid Waste the Towns of Cephalonia

On left—
HOMELESS ISLANDERS AMID THE RUINS OF ZANTE: They are seen on their way to the shore, where naval relief organisations provided food and shelter in the first days after the earthquake.

"Cephalonia, the largest of the Ionian Islands, has been visited with a terrible disaster. A succession of earthquakes, at intervals of an hour or two, have destroyed a great part of the towns of Argostoli and Lixuri. All the public buildings are in ruins. In the whole island 50,000 persons at least are without homes and without food. The King of the Greeks has gone to Cephalonia to visit the scene of the calamity."

THIS news item appeared in a London newspaper in February 1867, and indicates how exactly the great earthquake of 1953 in Cephalonia and the other South Ionian Islands has followed the course of the disaster in 1867. In studying the full reports, some of the comparisons are indeed extraordinary, and the main differences between the two great 'quakes, it seems, lie only in the time of year they took place and in the lack of relief measures instituted in the 1867 disaster, as compared with the almost immediate international relief which has been forthcoming in recent days, with British and American warships playing a full part in bringing in vital supplies.

In the catastrophe in the winter of 1867 the people were without bread for many days, and indeed, without any resources at all. After this latest earthquake visitation bread was forthcoming in a matter of hours, with members of the crew of the United States cruiser *Salem* achieving round-the-clock bakery records and putting themselves on "austerity rations" to allow the maximum food to go ashore.

On August 16 there were five British and nine United States warships in the Ionian Sea; also vessels from the Greek Navy and frigates from Israel. More British and American ships were on the way, some of them carrying helicopters which have been of the greatest value in surveying the areas of damage in the islands and maintaining contact with isolated villages, taking them doctors and drugs.

Of the Ionian Islands, the great chain stretching along the west coast of Greece, and including Corfu, Leucadia, Ithaca, Cephalonia and Zante, only the southern group have been affected by the latest earthquake. Just how many people are dead and injured, how many have lost their homes, cannot be estimated at this stage, but this is a disaster on a vast scale. On Ithaca, Cephalonia and Zante no fewer than 120 shocks were recorded in a matter of five days. To-day all the towns in Cephalonia lie in ruins, and there is little doubt that as the shocks continued the people began to believe in the old legend that the Ionian Islands would one day return to the sea. Ithaca, the legendary island of Odysseus, where scarcely a house in the once pretty pink-and-white town of Vathy is intact, was swept by tidal waves, and this must have heightened the impression of impending doom among the population, as they poured down to the foreshore in the hope of finding boats to take them to the mainland.

At the time of writing the work of international relief is being pushed ahead with energy, sympathy and a minimum of wasted effort, the international co-ordination committee, which was constituted at a meeting aboard the British warship *Daring*, having laid down the main tasks to be tackled initially by the various relief teams. Admiral Lord Mountbatten, C.-in-C. in the Mediterranean, who made an immediate survey of the disaster areas, outlined the progress of this co-ordination in a despatch to the Admiralty.

It is difficult not to think of the Ionian Islands without bringing to mind the names of two Britons, two Proconsuls of the nineteenth century, both of them men with great administrative gifts and both of whom played vital parts in the government of the islands which fell into British hands during the Napoleonic Wars, being formed in 1815 into the United States of the Ionian Islands under the protectorate of Great Britain.

The first of these remarkable men was that fiery old despot, Sir Thomas Maitland, who was made Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands two years after his appointment as Governor of Malta.

Maitland was essentially a man of action, with no particular interest in ideas of self-government. He was by nature an autocrat, not because he had any belief in government by force, but because he always found it easier to deal with individuals than with committees or assemblies, and he usually found it easier to do things himself than to delegate responsibility. No detail of administration was beneath his notice, and as a result he restored the Ionian Islands to a high state of commercial prosperity without imposing extra taxes on the people. He gave the Ionian Greeks a constitutional charter, framed on principles of policy and justice, but he resisted all claims to responsible government, and the most he would ever do in the face of demands was to relax his autocracy just a trifle. "King Tom," as he was called, was both eccentric and arbitrary, and he belonged to the pattern of his days. He died in harness, as he would have wished. Not for him a declining old age in the pump room of Cheltenham or the Pavilion at Brighton. A stroke of apoplexy carried Maitland away on January 24, 1824, and he was buried with full military honours in the Upper Barraca at Malta, a nobleman of Corfu delivering the oration over his grave.

The second great British personality in the history of the Ionian Islands was Sir Charles Napier, who died 100 years ago this month. From 1822 to 1830 Napier was Military Resident on the island of Cephalonia, the first of his masters being Maitland, whom he grudgingly admired, and the second, Sir Frederick Adam, who subjected him to economy cuts, and unkindest "cut" of all, made him shave off his moustachios, which were his pride and joy. Napier, it is said, obeyed the order to a "hair," sending his shorn whiskers to Government House, suitably packaged, as evidence of compliance.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER: The British Military Resident in Cephalonia who indulged with such fervour in public works.

If Maitland was the born autocrat, Napier was the high-minded Radical, and at one time he had thoughts of throwing in his lot with the Greeks.

In Cephalonia Napier had almost absolute power which Maitland rather surprisingly conferred upon him, the idea being that this new overlord would protect the people from feudal oppression. Napier threw himself into the task of reforming abuses and into the development of everything which could conduce to the welfare of the Cephalonians. He covered Cephalonia with a network of good roads, and his road over Cephalonia's Black Mountain was a masterpiece. To complete these tasks Napier demanded a day's work each week from all islanders, priests and landowners included. It was an unpopular move, but Napier's enthusiasm was infectious, and he led the road-building campaign by extraordinary personal example and much hard labour.

Napier was a close friend of Byron, and when "his poetical nob," as he called him, arrived in Cephalonia in 1823, there was a series of earthquakes to make the visit memorable.

In 1830 Napier returned to England, thus ending his long and honourable association with Cephalonia. In later days in Sind he was to achieve a more enduring fame, but his work in the Ionian Islands, undoubtedly covered the happiest period of his life.

British rule in Cephalonia continued until 1863, when the election of the son of the King of Denmark as constitutional King of Greece gave England an opportunity of getting rid of what had begun to prove a troublesome dependency. In the last years of the protectorate Mr. Gladstone had actually gone out as special Commissioner to see what could be done to meet the nationalist claims of the population, and although at the time he had declared against Greek annexation, the creation of the monarchy virtually solved the problem for England.

It was only four years after the annexation that Cephalonia was involved in the earthquake catastrophe of 1867. There were people then who said that the island would never rise from the ruins.

Richard Edmonds

MAITLAND, THE MARTINET WHO LORDED IT OVER THE IONIAN ISLANDS: Sir Thomas Maitland, was made Lord High Commissioner of the islands in 1815.

THE STRICKEN ISLANDS OF THE IONIAN SEA

The Trail of Death and Destruction in Ithaca, Cephalonia and Zante

THE SOUTH IONIAN ISLANDS, WHERE MORE THAN 120 EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS WERE REGISTERED DURING FIVE DAYS OF TERROR: This sketch-map shows the position of the islands of Zante, Cephalonia and Ithaca, which have been laid waste by the great earthquakes, many hundreds of people being crushed to death as the buildings crumbled. The three capital towns of Vathy, Argostoli and Zakynthos are in ruins.

A DEVASTATED STREET IN ARGOSTOLI: A massive weight of rubble from wrecked buildings in the business quarters of the Cephalonian capital. The United States cruiser *Salem* put into Argostoli on the fifth day of the earthquakes, and radioed to naval headquarters in London: "All towns and villages on the island of Cephalonia levelled except reinforced concrete structures. People are in panic and fear the island will sink into the sea."

ONCE A NOBLE HIGHWAY LEADING DOWN TO THE SEA IN THE CITY OF ZAKYNTHOS: To-day nearly every building lies in ruins, although one roof can be seen intact in the background on the left. Zante, the island upon which Zakynthos stands, is called "the flower of the Levant." It has long been regarded as the prettiest of the Ionian Islands.

ONE OF THE FEW BUILDINGS ON ZANTE WHICH SURVIVED THE EARTHQUAKES: The church of St. Dionysius at Zakynthos, where citizens went to pray during the five days of terror, as the ground shook beneath them. Huge fires blazed through Zakynthos, a high wind fanning the flames.

ARGOSTOLI, BEFORE AND AFTER THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE: The little capital city seen with warships lying in the harbour in the background. *On right*—**THE FLAMES RISE FROM BURNING ARGOSTOLI:** The city being swept by fire which came in the wake of the earth tremors, adding to the devastation.

PEOPLE OF ITHACA PRAY TO ST. NICHOLAS : Standing round the ikon of the patron saint of the Ionian Islands, they ask that the terror may be removed from their midst. When this picture was taken the earth tremors had been continuing for four days. Many people had the feeling that the islands were about to be engulfed by the sea, thus fulfilling an ancient prophecy. Ithaca is supposed to be the island of Homer's *Odyssey*, although it differs from classic descriptions.

TRUDGING THROUGH A RUINED STREET IN ARGOSTOLI : A stricken family arriving from the interior in search of food and shelter. At first they found only ruins, but the arrival of naval units brought relief.

ESCAPE TO THE MAINLAND WAS THE DOMINANT THOUGHT IN THE MINDS OF MOST ISLANDERS AS THEIR HOMES ROCKED TO DESTRUCTION : *Left*—People setting out in boats from ruined Argostoli in an effort to reach the mainland. About 1,000 people crossed the straits to Acarnania, but the Greek Government then gave orders that people were to remain on the islands as the danger appeared to have passed. *Right*—Villagers of Ithaca setting out by car in the hope of obtaining medical assistance from the British and American warships. Some roads from the interior were completely blocked by landslides, and bulldozers had to be used.

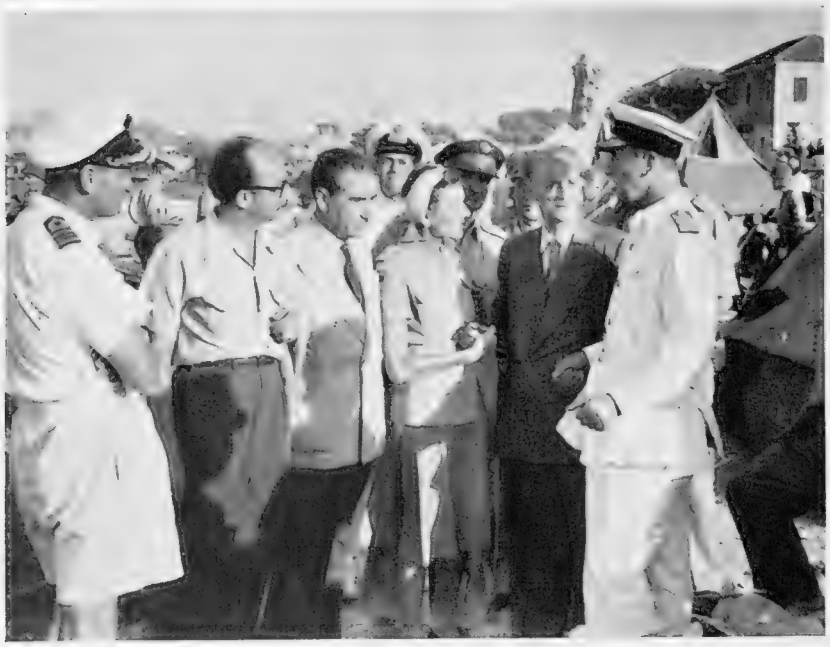
THE PRIEST IN A VILLAGE OF ITHACA, WITH THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF A FAMILY : He brought the child into Vathy to seek aid for it.

On right—

LOOKING ALONG THE SEAFRONT AT ZAKYNTHOS, THE CAPITAL OF ZANTE : The building in the foreground was one of many consumed in the flames, which swept through the city.

WARSHIPS BRING AID TO THE STRICKEN ISLANDS

Relief Measures in the Days Following the Ionian Earthquake Disaster



THE MOUNTBATTENS GO ASHORE AT ARGOSTOLI : Admiral Earl Mountbatten, C.-in-C. in the Mediterranean, is seen talking with the Greek Minister of Defence as relief measures were instituted on the island of Cephalonia. Lady Mountbatten, who is Superintendent of the nursing services of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, is seen standing next to the Minister. On the left is the captain of the destroyer *Daring*.

WARSHIPS LYING OFF THE ISLAND OF ZANTE AS RELIEF WAS BROUGHT TO THE RAVAGED PORT OF ZAKYNTHOS : In the background are seen H.M.S. *Gambia* (left), a Greek destroyer, and the 8,000-ton British cruiser *Bermuda*. In the foreground is one of the camps erected by men from the *Gambia*. From these camps tentage and other stores were given out to the homeless. The *Burmuda* brought baby food, wireless sets, jeeps and helicopters among other items needed on the island. The helicopters were used to survey damage in the villages of the interior.

MEN FROM THE " GAMBIA " FIGHT A FIRE IN THE CITY OF ZAKYNTHOS : Sailors playing a hose on the flames during a long battle to prevent the fires spreading to the camps set up on the outskirts of Zakynthos.

SUPPLIES POUR IN TO THE PORT OF ARGOSTOLI, BETOKENING THE MEASURE OF RELIEF WHICH BRITISH AND AMERICAN WARSHIPS BROUGHT IN THE FIRST DAYS AFTER THE DISASTER : Crates with food and other supplies are seen stacked in the foreground awaiting transport to the distribution dumps. Men are seen bringing in more crates from the landing-craft in the centre.

TWO ASPECTS OF THE WORK OF SUCCOUR : *Left*—Islanders of Zante receiving a meal supplied by U.S. naval cooks. *Right*—An aged woman victim from Zante being carried on a stretcher from a U.S. naval helicopter after she had been brought to the mainland airfield near Araxos before being taken to hospital. Cape Araxos faces the Ionian Sea, and is about 40 miles from Zante and 30 miles from Cephalonia. Many injured islanders have now been airlifted to the mainland.

IN THE AIR

NEWS OF RECENT EVENTS AND DEVELOPMENTS IN AVIATION FROM EUROPE AND AMERICA

A HELICOPTER COMES TO THE RESCUE BUT IS FOILED BY A PARACHUTE : The helicopter is seen picking up Ensign E. H. Barry, who had just crashed into the sea during manœuvres off the coast of Virginia. This followed a faulty take-off from the U.S. aircraft-carrier *Block Island*, which is in the background. In the picture *below*, taken a few seconds afterwards, Barry is seen in the middle of a tug-of-war between the helicopter and his parachute, which opened just as he was being lifted from the sea. To overcome this predicament, Ensign Barry let go of the rope from the helicopter and dropped into the sea once again, where he cut himself free from the parachute. The helicopter returned and re-rescued the pilot, this time successfully.

THE S.E. 5000-01 BAROUDEUR—A UNIQUE AND UP-TO-DATE AIRCRAFT OF FRENCH DESIGN AND MANUFACTURE : The Baroudeur is seen after leaving its take-off trolley, which is the most outstanding feature of this jet interceptor aircraft. The trolley, which is powered by six rocket motors, enables the Baroudeur to take-off in an exceptionally short distance and also dispenses with the weighty retractable undercarriage assembly needed by most jet aircraft. The pilot controls the trolley, which is automatically braked as soon as the aircraft has taken off, and can be used again immediately for another take-off. For landing, the Baroudeur has " skids " fitted to the underside of the fuselage. Rubber shock-absorbers protect the pilot and the equipment in the aircraft from any damage. The Baroudeur can take off equally well from a rough field or from a smooth runway.

A NEW PILOTLESS JET AIRCRAFT IN AMERICA : The Ryan " Firebee " is seen after being launched from its 60-ft. ramp at the Hollman Air Development Centre in New Mexico. The initial power for the take-off is provided by a rocket motor, which can be seen below the tail assembly. This motor is jettisoned soon after take-off, and the aircraft's own engine, a Fairchild J 44 jet, comes into action automatically. " Firebee," which is flown by remote control, was developed by the Ryan Aeronautical Company under the sponsorship of the U.S. Government.

THIS IS CLAIMED TO BE THE LARGEST LAND-BASED AIRCRAFT IN THE WORLD : The American Convair XC-99 seen after it had completed its first Atlantic crossing. Some idea of the immense size of this aircraft (it is over 60 yards long) can be gained by comparing it with the jeep which is standing beneath the nose. The crossing was made from the American airfield at Kelly, in Texas, to the air base at Frankfurt, in Germany. The XC-99, which is powered by six pusher-type propeller engines, each of 3,500 horse-power, is used as a transport, and can carry 400 troops. It has been used by the American Air Force since 1948.

SUPPLYING THE BRITISH NORTH GREENLAND EXPEDITION—YOUNG SOUND, ON THE NORTH-EAST COAST OF GREENLAND: This is the starting-point for the airlift which carries supplies to the base camp at Britannia Lake. The stores are seen stacked along the shore of the Sound, and on the left of this picture is the supply vessel, *Polar Sirkel*, which left this country with supplies for the expedition on August 6. The airlift can only operate at this time of the year as Young Sound and Britannia Lake are free from ice during August. Last year pictures of the building of the base camp at Britannia Lake appeared in "The Sphere."

THE ANNUAL GREENLAND AIRLIFT

The Task of Supplying the British North Greenland Expedition Has Now Been Concluded

Once again the annual task of supplying the British North Greenland Expedition has been accomplished successfully. There was only one unfortunate incident, but this was not serious. A Sunderland moored on Britannia Lake was hit by floes coming from a capsized iceberg, and several holes were made in the hull. The crew of the aircraft and members of the expedition improvised plugs for the holes from concrete and collision mats, and the Sunderland was able to take off for Britannia Lake twenty-four hours after the event. The Sunderlands have now completed the airlift, and the two Hastings aircraft of Coastal Command have left for the American air base at Thule, in North-West Greenland. From there they will carry petrol to the scientific station set up by the expedition at "Northice," in the centre of Greenland.

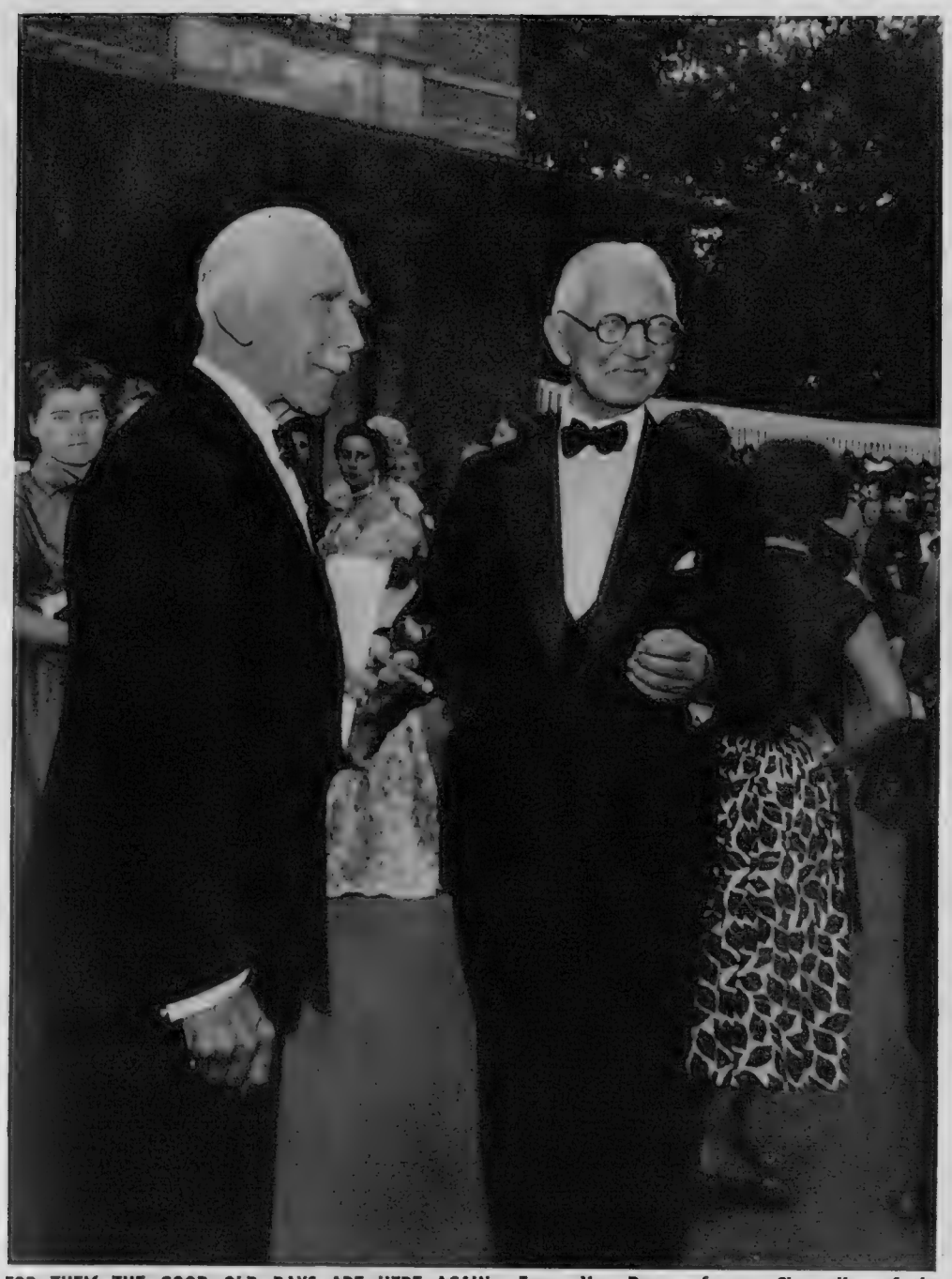
Although little had been heard from the expedition during the winter months, a great deal had been accomplished. The team of three men who manned the station at "Northice" were relieved in May of this year after the relief team had made the perilous journey across the ice-cap in Weasels. From "Northice" the expedition hope to push forward and set up another base 200 miles west of "Northice." The expedition, under its leader, Commander C. J. W. Simpson, is undertaking a comprehensive survey of the unexplored areas of Greenland.

THE DESOLATE BEAUTY OF YOUNG SOUND, IN GREENLAND: This year the airlift, which has just come to a successful conclusion, was operated by three Sunderland aircraft and two Hastings of Coastal Command.

THE R.A.F. PLAY THEIR PART IN KEEPING THE NORTH GREENLAND EXPEDITION SUPPLIED: *On left*—Loading stores on to a raft which will ferry them out to the R.A.F. Sunderland seen in the background. *On right*—Members of the crew of one of the Sunderland flying-boats partake of well-earned refreshment at the "snack-bar" that they have opened at Young Sound. As well as flying stores to the expedition, the R.A.F. carried many visitors to the base camp at Britannia Lake.

VON PAPEN, SCHACHT AND GOERING

Three Familiar Names Among the Folk Who Have Been Flocking into Bayreuth for the Annual Festival



FOR THEM THE GOOD OLD DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN : Franz Von Papen, former Chancellor of the Reich, former Ambassador to Vienna and to Ankara under the Nazis, seen with Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, Hitler's adviser on economic affairs, as they met at the Bayreuth Festival. To-day Schacht enjoys a new prosperity as a leading international banker, with offices in Dusseldorf. Von Papen has lately written his memoirs, in the course of which he was at some pains to explain how he had done much to minimise the terrors of the Nazi regime.

DR. WILHELM FURTWANGLER, AN UNOBTRUSIVE FIGURE : The orchestra leader seen at the Bayreuth Festival. Furtwangler was accused of collaboration with the Nazis, but in 1946 faced a denazification court and he has since been allowed to continue his career.

WEDDING IN A CARINTHIAN CASTLE : Prince Konstantin of Bavaria, son of Prince Albert, the present West German Ambassador in Madrid, and Countess Helena von Khevenhueller, bearer of an Austrian title, seen after their wedding at the medieval castle of Hochosterwitz, near Klagenfurt, in Carinthia. The bridegroom is a journalist and is the author of a biography of Pope Pius XII. The bride has just finished her training as a Press photographer. The event was held with the pomp and ceremony of the Middle Ages. Men in the armour of medieval knights announced the beginning of the wedding with fanfares of trumpets, and the local people who took part in the wedding wore costumes of the Middle Ages. About 1,500 invited guests attended, including heads of the former houses of Bavaria and Austria.

EDDA GOERING SIGNS HER NAME IN THE GOLDEN BOOK OF THE TOWN OF BAYREUTH : Edda, daughter of Hermann Goering and his actress-wife, Emmy Sonnemann, arrived in the Festival town to attend the performance of *Parsifal*. She lives in Munich with her mother.

A MONARCH OF THE CORDILLERAS, FOR LONG AN UNCHARTED SPOT UPON THE MAP OF PERU, IS SUBJUGATED AT LAST: This is the great razor-sharp ridge of Ausangate, the Holy Mountain of the Incas in South Peru, which has been climbed by an international expedition of three members—Anders Bolinder, of Sweden, Piero Chiglione, of Italy, and Hias Rebitsch, of Austria. The Ausangate towers to 20,500 ft., and the climbers, having gained the east ridge in the foreground, walked along the ridge to the West Summit, which towers grotesquely in the background. Solimana and Coropuna, two other summits of over 20,000 ft., were also climbed by the members of the expedition who triumphed over many difficulties in this little-known terrain.

INTREPID CLIMBING ON A PEAK OF THE CORDILLERAS

A Swedish, an Italian and an Austrian Climber Scale the Heights of Ausangate, the Holy Mountain of the Incas in South Peru

In the last two years mountaineering news has had a very full share of the limelight, particularly news from Everest, where two Swiss expeditions and one British reconnaissance preceded the final victorious climb by Colonel Hunt's team. Also Herman Buhl, an Austrian, has reached the summit of Nanga Parbat, the peak upon which so many mountaineers have lost their lives, while there has been a bold Swiss attempt upon Dhaulagiri, a Japanese assault on Manaslu and an American assault on K2. Of hardly less interest have been the activities of a small international expedition operating in the Cordilleras in South Peru and the pictures on these pages show the spectacular character of the climb which they made on the Ausangate, the Holy Mountain of the Incas. One glance at the map of South America shows many white spaces proclaiming still uncharted regions. Ausangate lies in such an area of the Cordilleras and it certainly provided a tough proposition for Anders Bolinder, Piero Chiglione and Hias Rebitsch as they defied avalanches, ice slopes and extreme lassitude to gain the summit of a very formidable peak of great natural beauty. The climbers pay particular tribute to their Indian porters, who apparently approach their task in very much the same spirit as do the gallant Sherpas of the Himalayas.

HIAS REBITSCH, THE AUSTRIAN CLIMBER, LEADS THE WAY UP THE PERILOUS ICE SLOPES OF THE AUSANGATE: The expedition was turned back at the first attempt upon this ice wall, but the second attempt succeeded after the climbers had had twenty-four hours' rest. *On right*—INDIAN PORTERS NEGOTIATING THE ICE WALL: These porters managed to carry loads of 75 lb. each up to a height of nearly 20,000 ft. The three European climbers provided ropes for the porters, who showed themselves to be extremely agile and untiring in their efforts to help the expedition.

A MOUNTAINEER STANDS UPON THE THRESHOLD OF SUCCESS: Rebitsch, the Austrian climber, seen as he strode along the summit ridge of Ausangate before negotiating the fantastic-looking West Summit, carved into its strange shape by the winds that sweep across the Cordilleras. The final assault was made from a camp set up in a ravine, 1,500 ft. below the summit.

THE NORTHERN WALL OF AUSANGATE RISES MENACINGLY TO THE SKY: The initial stages of the assault upon the ice wall offered incredible difficulties. During the days the climbers went forward under a merciless sun. At night the temperature dropped alarmingly.

THE FORMIDABLE ICE CREST OF AUSANGATE: The route to the summit forced by Hias Rebitsch, the Austrian, led from the exposed rocks on the left-hand side of the picture. It was when in the higher snowfields that the expedition encountered avalanches, one of which nearly swept them away.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW ON THE SUMMIT RIDGE: One of the climbers is seen after scaling the ice wall. *On right*—CAMP NO. 1: In the foreground is seen the tent used by the climbers on the final night before the assault.

THE SOLAR BUILDING WHICH HAS BEEN ERECTED IN THE GROUNDS OF HERSTMONCEUX CASTLE (SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND), THE NEW HOME OF THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY: The first phase of the removal of the Royal Observatory from Greenwich to Herstmonceux has now been completed. One of the main tasks was the construction of the solar building. Solar observations form a vital part of the observatory's work.

The Home News in Pictures

THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY AT HERSTMONCEUX

A Competition for Town Criers; The New Corn Exchange Building; Restoration Work in London and the West Country; Houses for Export; and Other Items of Home News

The task of moving the Royal Observatory from Greenwich to the rustic quiet of Herstmonceux is no small one. Indeed, the first phase has taken five years to accomplish and the next phase is expected to take fully as long. The first, and probably the biggest, task was to adapt the fifteenth-century castle to house a modern observatory. Also, the solar building had to be constructed, as the smoke and street-glare at Greenwich were threatening the important work of solar observations.

When the removal has been entirely completed there will remain one important task. This will be the installation of a powerful new telescope—the Isaac Newton telescope, funds for which have been promised by the Government to commemorate the tercentenary of the birth of the great astronomer.

BUYING AND SELLING IN PROGRESS IN THE NEW BUILDING OF THE LONDON CORN EXCHANGE IN MARK LANE: The new building, which replaces that destroyed by enemy action in 1941, was opened by Major Lloyd George, the Minister of Food, at the end of last month. Also present at the ceremony were the Lord Mayor of London and the Sheriffs of the City. The Corn Exchange, which is on the same site as the original building erected in 1750, was designed by Mr. Terence E. Heysham, the well-known architect.

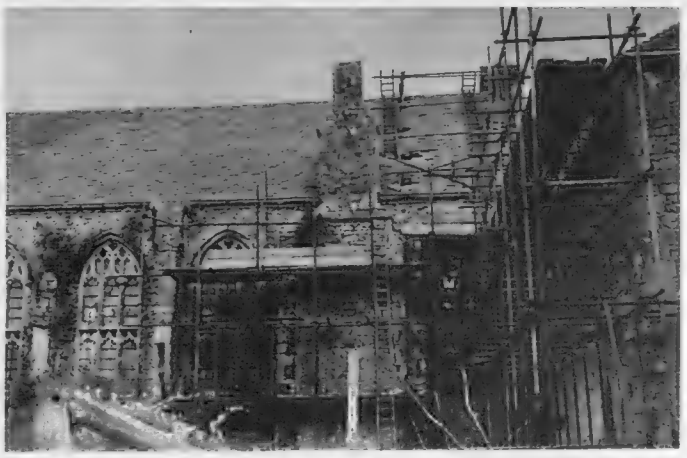
TOWN CRIERS COMPETE AT HASTINGS: Five of the record entry of twenty-six Town Criers in the National Town Criers' Competition held at Hastings in the presence of the Mayors and Barons of the Cinque Ports. Left to right are John Davies, Town Crier of Wells, Somerset; David Thomas Morris, of Haverfordwest, Wales; J. H. Bastard, of Millbrook, Devon; Jesse A. Peters, of Guildford, Surrey; and Herbert Dunkinson, of Wickham, Hants. The competition was won for the sixth time, and the fifth year in succession, by Ben Johnson, Town Crier of Fowey, Cornwall. Second was Fred Welch, of Bridport, Dorset, who is also an Alderman of his town. Competitors came from all over England, Scotland and Wales.

On right—

THEY 'RE OFF! THE FOUR COMPETITORS BELCH THEIR WAY FORWARD IN THE TRACTION-ENGINE DERBY: Four traction engines, from fifty-three to seventeen years old, pitched across a field at Pickering, Yorkshire, in a unique race staged by the local Sports Committee to pay for a children's playground. Several thousand spectators and one bookmaker saw an exciting finish, in which "Old Glory" (extreme left), driven by Mr. Ernest Mortimer, beat "Surprise" by the length of a short boiler. The competitors drove at over ten miles an hour: the traditional man with the red flag did not precede them.

THE RESTORATION OF ST. GEORGE'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, SOUTHWARK: An interior view of the Cathedral, looking west, showing the work of restoration in progress. This work, which is expected to last five years, will cost £298,000, of which £198,000 has been awarded as war damage. The Cathedral, which was completely gutted by incendiary bombs in 1941, is built on a site that has contained a church since ancient days. It is rich in historical associations, and one of its features was the statues erected as memorials to well-known characters from history. Among them was one to Geoffrey Chaucer, who started on his pilgrimage from Southwark. The present Cathedral was built from a design by Pugin, and was completed in 1848.

LOOKING TOWARDS THE ALTAR OF ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL: The masonry in the foreground is some of that destroyed. It is hoped that much of this masonry will be used in the new building.



RESTORING AND PRESERVING CLEEVE ABBEY AT WASHFORD, IN SOMERSET: Repairing and repointing the chimney-stack of the Refectory. *On left*—The Quadrangle of the Cloister, showing workmen repairing the roof. The repairs, which are being carried out by the Ministry of Works, have only just started and are of an extensive nature. The Refectory, which dates back to the fifteenth century, needs a great deal of attention as death-watch beetle and damp have caused considerable damage to the timbers. The Abbey, which was founded in 1188, was among the last to be dissolved in the sixteenth century, and although the church was completely destroyed at that time, the domestic buildings were little damaged and are now among the best-preserved to be found in Great Britain.

£500 HOUSES FOR EXPORT TO URUGUAY ARE ON VIEW IN LONDON: Two of the prefabricated houses which have been ordered from a British firm by the Government of Uruguay to house families in Montevideo. The wall panels of wood-wool bonded with a vested cement keep in warmth better than brick. The left-hand house has three bedrooms and the other, four. Both have a living-room, bathroom, and kitchen, and they are surprisingly spacious. Altogether 200 of these houses have been built to the specifications of the Uruguayan Government, and they will be shipped complete with plumbing, electrical equipment, and even pots of paint for final decoration. These houses have been exhibited in London, where many people saw them.

THE FIRST TUNNY OF THE SEASON SEEN AFTER BEING LANDED AT SCARBOROUGH: Standing between the two fishes is Mr. H. E. Weatherley, of Teddington, Middlesex, who landed the catch. With him is Bill Pashby (wearing the cap), who is the skipper of the boat from which the catch was made. On each fish is a label, showing the weight in pounds.

"ANASTASIA"

The Play Produced by John Counsell, is Presented at the St. James's Theatre

THE CROOKS "DISCOVER" ANASTASIA : A destitute girl (Mary Kerridge) with the swindlers, played by Peter Illing and Laurence Payne, who plan to pass her off as Anastasia, a Grand Duchess of Russia and heiress to £12,000,000, the only surviving child of the Tsar. The one person who has to be convinced of Anastasia's claim is the magnificent old Dowager Empress, played by seventy-nine-year-old Helen Haye. Although she is bitter, proud and sceptical, she has a genuine desire to accept as her granddaughter this girl who shares so many of her precious memories. The scene of this play, which Guy Bolton has adapted from the book by Marcelle Maurette, is set in the Berlin of the 1930's. This production at the St. James's Theatre is presented by Sir Laurence Olivier.

Above on right—

ENTER ANASTASIA : The homeless girl has just been brought in by Petrovsky (Laurence Payne), after she had tried to commit suicide.

THE CONSPIRATORS PREPARE THE GROUND : Prince Bounine (Anthony Ireland) and Petrovsky (Laurence Payne) show pictures of the Russian Royal Family to the stray girl (Mary Kerridge), whom they hope to pass off as Anastasia.

THE PROUD DOWAGER EMPRESS IS FULL OF MISGIVINGS : The Dowager Empress of Russia (Helen Haye), listens doubtfully as Prince Paul (Ralph Michael) tries to persuade her not to be biased in her interview with the alleged Anastasia.

A CONFLICT OF EMOTIONS ENDS IN PARTING : The Dowager Empress and the supposed Anastasia say farewell. Though sceptical, the Dowager longs to be convinced that Anastasia is really her granddaughter.

ANASTASIA IS CONFRONTED BY AN INTRUDER FROM THE PAST : A Red factory worker, Oblensky (Michael Godfrey), confronts Anastasia with the claim that he had been her lover years before, just as the Dowager Empress begins to believe in Anastasia.

THE GAMES IN PROGRESS IN THE MARKET PLACE AT CRIEFF, AMID THE SERENELY BEAUTIFUL COUNTRYSIDE OF STRATHEARN: In the centre of the field a competitor is seen engaged in tossing the caber, while the officials wait to measure the length of his throw. On the grass track runners are warming-up for the next race. The Games were held in the presence of a capacity crowd. Sir James Denby Roberts, as chieftain of Crieff Highland Gathering, presided over the events of the day.

CRIEFF HIGHLAND GAMES

Tossing the Caber and Other Traditional Events at One of the Popular Gatherings of the Scottish Season

The season of the Highland Games is in full swing, and up and down the Highlands the clans have been forgathering for great and small events in which traditional sports and pastimes have been as ever to the fore. Crieff, once the scene of Scotland's most important cattle market, held its Games in mid-August, when people from far and wide flocked into the little resort that lies so pleasantly above the River Earn, in a well-wooded country of great scenic beauty. Although the Games are held in the market-place, the spectators really feel that they are very much in the countryside, for the hills and woods seem to encroach right on to the town. Crieff lies about eighteen miles west of Perth.

THROWING THE HAMMER: Brawny Jack Hunter shows his prowess at the Crieff Highland Games.

TWO MORE TRADITIONAL FEATURES OF THE HIGHLAND GAMES: *Left*—Stewart Anderson, of Monifieth, with the long and heavy caber balanced against his shoulder, prepares to make his throw. *Right*—Girls taking part in the Highland dancing on the specially-erected platform in the arena at Crieff.

THE ASHES REGAINED

ENGLAND'S TRIUMPH IN THE LAST TEST MATCH AT THE OVAL — THE FINAL SCENES AFTER COMPTON MADE THE WINNING HIT

The Test match series of Coronation Year 1953 has been memorable for hard-fought cricket, a bitter fight upon the field and good comradeship off the field, and at the finish, after four draws, England gained a well-deserved victory at the Oval. It was a match of swaying fortunes from start almost to finish, with England on top half-way through Australia's first innings, Australia pinning England down when our turn came to bat, and then Australia collapsing spectacularly on the penultimate day before the spin bowling of Lock and Laker. Left to get 132 to win, there was never much doubt that England would make the necessary runs, but Miller, Lindwall and Johnstone kept pegging away and looked dangerous at all times. Finally Hassett conceded defeat with only nine runs wanted. In accordance with tradition, he bowled an over, and vice-captain Morris bowled the next over. The last nine runs were duly forthcoming, and so the players and the crowd surged towards the pavilion to celebrate a mighty victory. It has taken England twenty-years to regain the Ashes, and now she goes forward with quite a number of young players of the calibre of Trueman and May, Graveney and Lock to ensure that when Australia fights to regain the Ashes on Australian wickets we have the necessary man-power to consolidate our hardly won victory.

COMPTON AND THE AUSTRALIAN FIELDERS WATCH HIS WINNING HIT STREAK TOWARDS THE BOUNDARY: This was the very last moment of play in the momentous fifth Test match at the Oval.

BAILEY GOES DOWN ON ONE KNEE TO HOOK A BALL TO THE BOUNDARY: The young amateur was the hero of England's first innings, helping us to get the lead when the middle batsmen had failed lamentably in their task.

AUSTRALIAN CASUALTIES IN THE SECOND INNINGS: *Left*—Trueman dives to catch Keith Miller off Laker's bowling. *Right*—Hassett, the Australian captain, is out leg before wicket—another victim of the wiles of Laker. The Australian collapse on this penultimate day of the match was swift and unexpected.

ALAN DAVIDSON IS CLEAN-BOWLED BY LOCK: This was another great shock for Australia, occurring as it did just when Davidson and Archer were smiting the bowling to all parts of the ground.

THE END OF A GALLANT INNINGS: Archer is caught brilliantly by Edrich, who rolls over on the ground but still retains the ball. Archer compiled a spectacular 49, hitting the spin bowling of Lock and Laker almost at will. It was quite a revelation to see how he strode out to attack the bowling.

JIM LAKER, ONE OF THE SURREY SCOURGES: He was more expensive than Lock, but took four vital wickets for 75. Archer, however, played him with the long handle.

LOCK, WHO TOOK 5 WICKETS FOR 45 RUNS: At times he appeared to be unplayable, and whenever he was bowling, it seemed that a wicket was about to fall.

ALL EYES ON THE PLAYERS' BALCONY : The great crowd which gathered beneath the stands at the Oval after England's victory. Even before Compton's winning hit had reached the boundary the crowd was starting to move forward. They engulfed the umpires and some of the players, and then raised cheer upon cheer until Hutton and Hassett came out to acknowledge the ovation.

COMPTON AND EDRICH RUN THE GAUNTLET OF THE SPECTATORS : The two Middlesex batsmen surrounded by the crowd after the close of play. Edrich made a sterling contribution of 55 not out, and Compton scored 22 not out, without revealing his old nervousness. Despite Edrich's comparative success in Tests this season he has been left out of the West Indies tour.

THE MAN FROM PUDSEY SAYS "THANK YOU" : Len Hutton acknowledging the cheers from the pavilion. As England's first professional captain, he has had the distinction of seeing the Ashes regained, and both as No. 1 batsman and as captain he has done all that was expected of him.

MORE DRIVERS; BUT LESS CAUTION

With the Approach of the Autumn Motor Shows and the Recent Increase in Cars on the Road, the Problem of Road Safety Becomes More Acute than Ever

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

HOW the months roll by! In only eight weeks' time we shall be in the throes of the Motor Show at Earl's Court, hovering hungrily round any stand that has something new to offer. I could hardly believe it when the first of the Society of Motor Manufacturers' Motor Show hand-outs arrived the other day.

The international exhibition begins its ten-day run on Wednesday, October 21, and the S.M.M.T. have allocated a larger area of stand space than ever before in the history of the Show. There will be several hundreds of cars from the leading automobile factories of seven different countries: Britain, U.S.A., Canada, France, Germany, Italy and Spain.

Between them, the U.S. and Canada are showing eighteen different makes, and of the other countries France will display the Citroen, Ford Vedette, Panhard, Peugeot, Renault and Simca; Germany the Mercedes-Benz, Porsche and Volkswagen; Italy the Alfa-Romeo, Fiat and Lancia; and Spain the Pegaso.

British car manufacturers will again be able to include in their displays "special models which have gained particular distinction"—to use the S.M.M.T. phrase. In this category come record-breaking cars and models that have done well in motor sport, like the Jaguar, and Sunbeam Alpine. It is also intended to set apart space for the display of representative British racing cars. I wonder if the much-maligned B.R.M. will get a chance this year. After all, it *has* been doing better lately!

The Motor Show season will actually be ushered in less than five weeks hence, for the Paris Salon will open in the Grand Palais, that remarkable building standing between the Champs Elysées and the Seine, on the first day of October. It is expected that one or two new British models may make their début at the Paris Show.

The cars on view will represent 101 different makes, including 33 French, 22 English, 19 American, 18 German, 6 Italian, 2 Czechoslovakian, and 1 Spanish. In connection with the Paris Salon, a run of pre-1916 vintage cars from London to Paris is planned.

The number of new British cars registered during the first five months of 1953 totalled 109,025, which was nearly as many as in the whole of 1948 (110,674). The total for the whole of 1952 was 180,000, compared with only 136,188 in 1951.

The number of new cars registered for the first time in the month of May was 27,043—a post-war record which reflected the Chancellor's welcome decision to cut the purchase tax from 66⅔% to 50%. There are now well over 2,500,000 private cars on the roads of Britain out of a total of some 5,000,000 motor vehicles. This is a 50% increase on 1938 and means that there are 26 vehicles for every mile of road compared with only 15 before the war. Yet the authorities still merely nibble at the problem of providing a proper road system!

Many memories of the great racing days at Brooklands were revived at the Goodwood speed track last Saturday, when, a few hours before the exciting nine-hours race for sports cars—staged by the British Automobile Racing Club for the second year running—a "Brooklands Memorial Garden" was formally opened in the south-west corner of the paddock.

The ceremony was performed by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, whose enthusiasm for motor sport led to the creation of the Goodwood circuit which, more than any other motor-racing circuit in Britain, has taken the place of Brooklands. The Brooklands "atmosphere" has been recaptured remarkably well at Goodwood.

The memorial garden has been created by the Dunlop Rubber Co. to commemorate the famous Weybridge track where so much motor-racing history was made between 1907 and 1939. The garden contains a piece of concrete taken from a section of the "home banking" at Brooklands at a point where only the fastest cars could travel. It is pleasant to think that traces of tyre-marks are still visible on this piece of concrete, but I don't believe it myself!

Under its former title of Junior Car Club, the B.A.R.C.—of which the Duke of Richmond is president—staged many of the big international meetings at Brooklands. When the fate of the fine old speed track was sealed, following wartime desecration in the interests of aviation, the J.C.C. acquired the goodwill of the famous Brooklands Club and later perpetuated the initials in its own new title.

If only one life is saved by the Safety First message from the Minister of Transport which now goes out with every new driving licence issued, the idea will have been well worth while. In fact, it may well save a number of lives and prevent many maimings, for Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd gives some sound advice—and presents it simply and convincingly.

The Minister points out that if the Coronation Year road safety campaign can achieve its target of reducing road accidents by at least 10%, 500 lives will be saved and 20,000 injuries prevented. In a special appeal to drivers to help keep death off the roads, Mr. Lennox-Boyd gives this advice: "Never take the wheel or mount your motor-cycle unless you are physically fit to drive and mentally alert. The life of a thoughtless pedestrian or careless child may depend on the keenness of your eyesight and the speed with which you can act in an emergency."

The Minister urges motorists and motor-cyclists to avoid driving when tired, out-of-sorts or emotionally upset. "And remember," he says, "that alcohol blurs your judgment and slows your reactions."

It seems that we motorists allowed our driving standards to fall last year, judging from official figures relating to motor vehicle offences in England and Wales. Prosecutions totalled 394,392 (an increase of 30,519 over 1951), and written warnings were issued by the police in 151,374 cases—a rise of 18,651. So motoring offences rose by nearly 50,000, or 10%.

Prosecutions for speeding in built-up areas increased from 40,296 in 1951 to 53,975 last year.

Returning from a Continental holiday tour through Calais—where the French labour troubles failed to impair the efficiency of the Townsend car ferry service—I came across more evidence of the healthy rivalry which exists between this port and neighbouring Boulogne.

I refer to the fact that the Calais Chamber of Commerce has just published an illustrated booklet describing the new car ferry terminal that is scheduled for completion by the spring of next year. But what I enjoyed reading most was the passage in which it lauds the Dover-Calais route as the shortest sea route to the Continent (37 kilometres, 1 hour 18 mins.) and trots out a lot of figures to show how "impossible," economically, is the Dover-Boulogne route (51 kilometres, 1 hour 30 mins.).

The brochure claims that the operator of a 120-car ferry-boat (and the British Railways' new *Lord Warden* answers that description) can save over £80 a day on the Calais route, compared with the Boulogne run—"making it possible to write off completely a £700,000 ship in twenty-four years simply by using the shortest sea route available." Chief items on which savings are claimed are fuel, overtime payments and dock charges.

Motorists welcome this sort of rivalry, as it is bound to benefit them in the long run, just as they have already benefited by the introduction of the Silver City air ferry. This enterprise, indeed, brought a very important new competive element into the car-ferry trade.

Silver City did fantastic business during the Bank Holiday week-end. From the Friday to the Monday their Bristol freight planes crossed the Channel 586 times, carrying more than 1,000 cars, 830 motor-cycles, 670 bicycles and approximately 6,000 passengers.

The Champion Sparking Club Co. has just put out an interesting list of "summer health rules" for motorists, in which ingenious comparison is made between the summertime requirements of the human body in order to "beat the heat," and those of your motor-car.

Here is a list of some of the things they advise: give the radiator frequent drinks; see that your radiator is not choked with insect corpses; make sure your fan-belt is not slipping; check your plugs every 3,000 or 4,000 miles and renew them at every 10,000 miles; clean your air filter every 1,000 miles; run on a lean carburettor mixture ("You don't need rich foods in hot weather"); use clean oil and inflate your tyres properly in order to cut down friction.

The Royal Automobile Club has just published a new edition of a booklet that should have a place in the glove-box of every motorist living in, or visiting, London. The 50 pages of this pocket-size guide, entitled *London: Information for Motorists*, are full of useful facts about the Metropolis. It has seven large-scale street maps covering Central London and also contains detailed information about parking-places, "no waiting" streets, hotels, theatres and garages. The guide is issued free on request to the R.A.C., 83, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

Two interesting motor sport fixtures coming along shortly are the London Motor Club's London Rally (September 11–12) and the Bugatti Owners' Club international speed hill-climb at Prescott, near Cheltenham, on September 20.

The London Rally, organised by Mrs. Nina Imhof, has gained an important place in the British motor sport calendar. It starts at Croydon and the large number of entries received—the closing date is to-day—includes three of the Sunbeam Alpines which did so well, it will be remembered, in the recent Alpine Trial.

At the Prescott hill-climb, always worth a visit, there will be "ascents of honour" by the Jaguar which won the twenty-four-hour race at Le Mans and by the Triumph Jabekke in which Ken Richardson did some fast-timed runs in Belgium. The programme starts at 11 a.m. and includes the finals of the British hill-climb championships.

MIKE HAWTHORN WINS THE TWELVE-HOUR RACE AT PESCARA: The British driver, in an Italian Ferrari (No. 28), seen in the lead at the beginning of the annual Grand Prix race at Pescara, in Italy. Hawthorn won the race at an average speed of 80·34 m.p.h.; during the twelve hours he covered 964·13 miles. Luigi Musso (Maserati) came second, and the Ferrari third. Only fifteen of the forty-four starters finished the race.

THE FUNERAL OF A GREAT RACING DRIVER: The funeral procession of Tazio Nuvolari passes through the streets of Mantua, where the great Italian driver died at the age of sixty. The driving wheel of one of his old racing cars was attached to the coffin.

FROM JOHN O' GROATS TO LAND'S END BY 1899 DAIMLER: Mr. Ernest Hare arrives at Land's End after driving his 6 h.p. 1899 Daimler from John o' Groats. Travelling with his son, Mr. Hare took ten days to complete the 873-mile journey.

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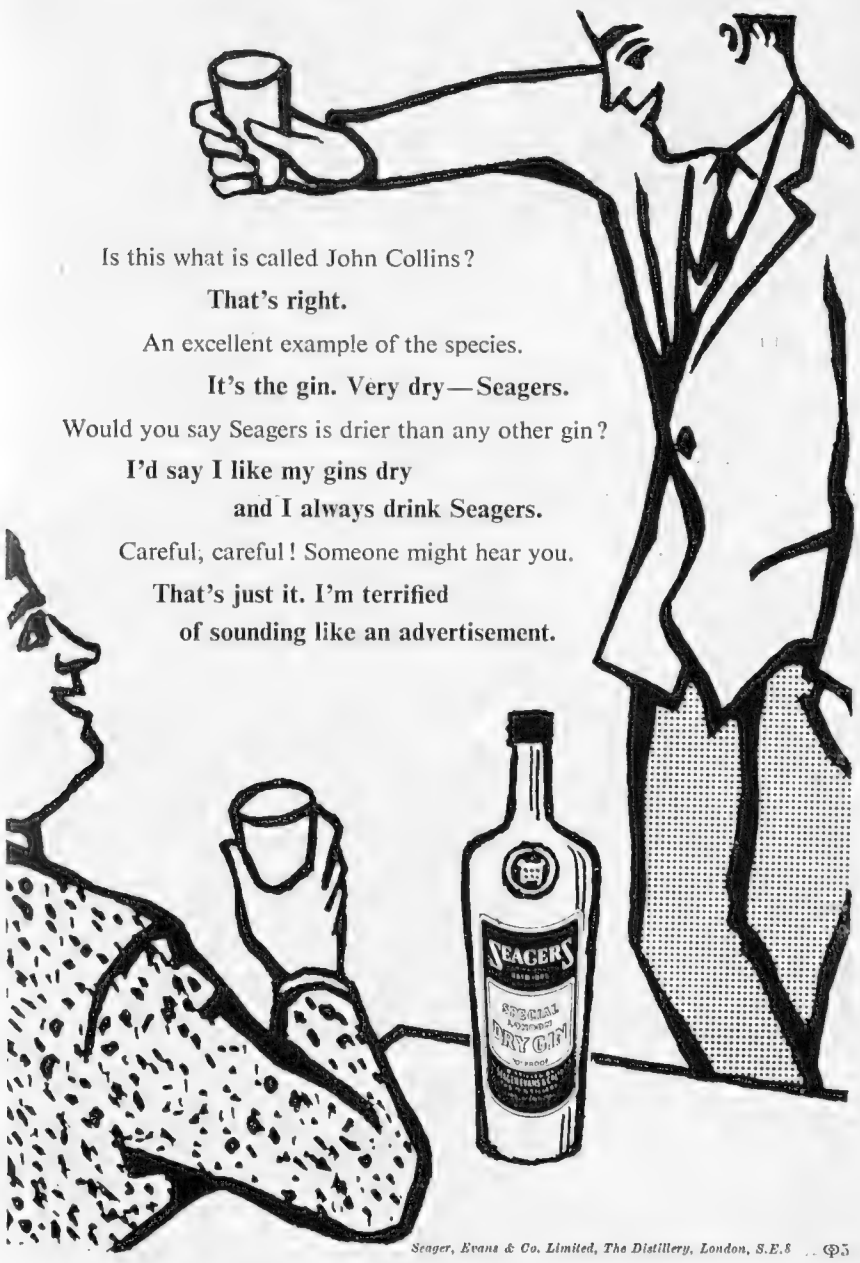

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

TELLING THE FLAGSTAD STORY

Louis Biancolli's Biography of the Great Wagnerian Singer

BOOKS about famous singers, artists, actors and actresses are more often than not best written by others than themselves, and that outstanding American music critic, Louis Biancolli, has perhaps taken the best possible line in THE FLAGSTAD MANUSCRIPT (Heinemann. 21s.). He lets her tell her own story largely in her own way, and the result is a book which is perhaps of more than ordinary interest both to a musical public and to the reader at large.

For Madame Flagstad is no ordinary type. Perhaps the most famous prima donna of her generation, she brought something new to the role of Wagnerian sopranos and captured both London and New York on her first appearances. Covent Garden devotees will remember that she always seemed to be happy in her work, and so it might have been with her life, for she has that quality rare among artists, a sense of humour. This she probably needed, for it was taxed to its fullest extent in the years from 1940 to 1952, which are dealt with at some length and about which controversy still rages. As a human document, therefore, this biography, which does not lack candour, is of absorbing interest, and a word of praise should go to Mr. Biancolli, who has made a very readable book out of the lively material available.

Mr. Harold Wilson has described his book as an appeal to the conscience of mankind and states its theme in these words: that "the war on world poverty, which must be Britain's historic mission in what remains of the twentieth century, is the only way in which we in the more favoured countries can fulfil our obligations to 1,500,000,000 people all over the world"; and indeed THE WAR ON WORLD POVERTY (Gollancz. 14s.) is dedicated to an examination of the immense problem and the essential steps for reaching a solution. Mr. Wilson starts with a review of the extent and gravity of this poverty with facts and figures collected from all over the world and, this done, examines the form which an attack should take, in increasing agricultural production, bringing more land into cultivation, and developing secondary industries in backward areas.

He writes, too, of the capital developments required, irrigation schemes, hydro-electric projects, the provision of road, rail and port facilities, as well as the hospitals and schools that will be needed, and examines the requirements of such a world-wide programme in terms of technical and financial assistance from the more advanced countries to the vast areas where the need exists. The book does not make comfortable reading, in any sense, but it is extremely intelligent and far-sighted, a development of Mr. Truman's thesis that "The only kind of war we seek is the good old fight against man's ancient enemies—poverty, disease, hunger and illiteracy."

KING'S ARROW (Redman. 12s. 6d.) is a story of eighteenth-century smuggling and privateering, and as such is told in an appropriately racy (or should it be breezy?) style, by Mr. Joseph Patrick, who brings a transatlantic zest to his descriptions of fights and press gangs and actions at sea between the forces of the Crown and the newly independent forces of New England. All rather fun in a lusty sort of way, and, as is far from inevitable in historical romances nowadays, as clean as a whistle.

UNTIL THE PHŒNIX (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) is one of those novels that are quite worth reading, though possibly not for the reasons that the author intended; a circumstance which may be disconcerting to him but still recommends the book to a public. Mr. F. S. Chang has written about Communism in China, just before the outbreak of the Korean war, and has given pictures not only of the fighting but of the erratic progress of propaganda in the small villages and towns, and the day-to-day infiltration that their policy

THE AUTHOR OF "THE CRUEL SEA" ATTENDS THE AMERICAN PREMIERE OF THE FILM: With the author, Mr. Nicholas Monsarrat (left), is his wife. Also in the picture are the British Consul-General in New York and Lady Hobson. The film of *The Cruel Sea* was made by a British company.

On right—

DR. ALFRED KINSEY REPORTS AGAIN: His new book, *Sexual Behaviour in the Human Female*, has now been published in America, providing a sequel to his study on the human male published in 1948. Women up to the age of ninety have been questioned by Dr. Kinsey.

demands. There is also a love-story, a kind of Chinese triangle, which supplies the main thread of the book, but it is precisely that in which the reader can only feel the most modified interest, and the scenes incidental to it that really give the book its quality and its freshness of impact.

Lee Ho is a young man, as the story opens, about to be married in a remote Chinese village, with all the traditional rites of old China, which, incidentally, are described here with an amused and affectionate accuracy. Shortly afterwards the first Communists arrive, being unimpressed, apparently, with the efforts of the good American General, "Ma Shall," to reconcile them with the Kuomintang, and they explain the joys and benefits of their creed to a fairly bewildered collection of villagers. In fact, the Communists as seen solely through the eyes of the villagers, who are sometimes afraid, sometimes hostile, but uniformly and even comically puzzled, make one of the best things in the book.

"What do you mean—the Red Army?" asks one of them. "You are not in red. In our village only the new ladies are in red." The propaganda continues, however, and in the main is successful except with the landlords, who have an unaccountable dislike of the policy of land re-distribution. Lee Ho is drafted into the Red Army, seduced by a Red Army girl, deserts her and the Army, and escapes with his wife to Shanghai, and finally to Formosa. Both these latter stages of the book are admirably done, and the descriptions of Shanghai in a panic inflation period, and Formosa with its shifts and stresses have all the marks of the authentic.

The critic looks at a first novel for signs of new talent and to see how far it can cope with the more obvious blemishes endemic to such works. One can say of REMAINING A STRANGER, by Mary Voyle (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) (which is, by the way, the second of the publishers' 7s. 6d. experiments with unknown writers), that the talent is undoubtedly there and the blemishes so few that it might be written by a practised hand. This is, in fact, rather a short novel, full of subtle characterisation, with an occasional malicious scratch at her characters more in the tradition of, say, Jane Austen than of Virginia Woolf.

Not that I would wish to do her the damage of comparing her with Jane Austen, because on the side of dialogue alone that would be unfair. Miss Voyle shows us a village community in Dorset, with its big house, its vicar, its retired actress with plans for amateur theatricals which never quite come off. We meet them at the funeral of the lady of the big house; and in particular we meet the son and daughter who are left, both of whom are fine studies in characterisation.

Mary Voyle seems to be an author well worth watching and certainly her first book is well worth what the publishers are asking for it.

Miss Nancy Wilson Ross has chosen to write a violently dramatic story, sometimes recalling the less prosy of the Regency romancers, in cool, intellectual prose. TIME'S CORNER (Collins. 12s. 6d.) is in consequence slightly disconcerting and slightly disappointing from the pen of such a gifted author. Its heroine, Louisa, is a young woman who has been brought very close to a complete nervous collapse by the breakdown of a love-affair and who, on the advice of a singularly misguided friend, takes refuge in an Anglican House of Retreat. There, in an atmosphere ostensibly cloistered, but actually very like that of an inexpensive boarding-house, she gets back enough of her calm to begin to feel bored, when a young girl from New York is brought to the place, half-conscious and suffering seriously from drug addiction.

Louisa undertakes to help in her nursing and is immediately involved in the machinations of a very unsavoury doctor, himself a drug addict. Altogether a very odd book, with every corner packed tight with frustrated eccentrics and soft-voiced, monstrous cripples in a way which might have given Mrs. Radcliffe pause.

A HOLIDAY IN DENMARK

A New Addition to the Mary Dunn Series

Probably no country in Europe has a closer alliance in spirit with Britain than Denmark, even if the Englishman is over-prone to think of Denmark in terms of bacon and eggs and the Dane is inclined to think of the "Englander" as the rather stiff and starched product of Edwardian fancy. The plain truth is that the two peoples really like each other; the man of Copenhagen and the Londoner laugh at the same kind of things, resenting those who take themselves too seriously and applying a robust good humour to most situations, whether they arise in the midst of peace or the turmoil of war. This understanding between the two nations finds admirable expression in Mary Dunn's latest travelogue, WE GO TO DENMARK (Harrap. 8s. 6d.), in which she describes how Jane (the young traveller, who has previously gone to France and Belgium) goes to Copenhagen under the school exchange scheme, visiting Denmark in return for the hospitality which Jane's parents have extended to Margarethe Larsen, a Danish girl of similar age. Needless to say, Jane has a grand holiday. She travels from Harwich to Esjberg in the Danish mail-boat, crosses the Little Belt to Funen and the Great Belt to Zeeland, and so comes to Copenhagen, that lovely city of old red brick and unexpected corners, of wide waterways and narrow streets, and friendly, smiling people. Jane keeps her eyes wide open, and misses few points, but she is never a bore, and we can all share with something of her own particular delight in her first impressions of a very wonderful land and an unforgettable people

No one writes about the sea quite like Alan Villiers, as readers of THE SPHERE will appreciate, for the gospel of Cape Horn is an open book to him and he lives and breathes in the atmosphere of the days when Rouben de Cloux and the other great skippers of the grain trade sailed for home with every stitch of canvas they dared set, and often more than that. His latest book, taking its title from Tennyson's "Ulysses," is called AND NOT TO YIELD (Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 6d.). It is a tale of the Outward Bound Sea School and of the boys of the Maintop Watch. It is in part a fanciful tale, showing how the boys with a stricken mate brought the ketch *Warspite* right round Ireland and back to the coast of Wales, but it shows the kind of training the Outward Bound School has to offer and the sort of hazards young men will cheerfully face to-day. The Outward Bound School seems to bring out the unsuspected best in people and Alan Villiers shows just how it does it

That an eminent London publishing house should set its seal of approval upon a work printed in Rangoon is in the nature of a compliment, but the book must be judged by Western standards, misprints and all. THROUGH THE IRON CURTAIN VIA THE BACK DOOR (Ernest Benn. 10s. 6d.) is not well produced, for the paper is thin, the printing is uneven, and the general impression is poor. It has the authentic touch, however, and through the eyes of U. Kyaw Min, Burmese industrialist and Parliamentarian, we have a very interesting record of a visit to Moscow to attend the International Economic Conference. U. Kyaw Min, it may be said, was not content to gaze in awe upon the courtyards of the Kremlin and upon the tomb of Lenin in Red Square. He wanted to see things for himself, and he has set down his findings in staccato but clear English.

Emily Hahn, eminent journalist from St. Louis, Charles Roetter and Harford Thomas, both of them Englishmen, and George Sprod, an Australian artist with a gift for satire, have collaborated in a neat little volume, intended largely for American tourist consumption, entitled MEET THE BRITISH (Newman Neame. 8s. 6d.). It is safe to say that this book will be read with surprise and delight on both sides of the Atlantic, most particularly in Britain, for it is shrewd, sometimes deeply penetrating, occasionally caustic but more often kindly. It covers a great deal of ground in no fewer than 150 pages, and explains among other things how to travel on the Underground, how to meet royalty, what to expect in a British hotel, and what not to do at a party

Neville Duke, the celebrated test pilot, and Edward Lanchbery, ex-bomber navigator, have collaborated in writing a handbook which they call SOUND BARRIER (Cassell. 8s. 6d.). It is the story of the development of high-speed flight and is written primarily for the aviation enthusiast with little technical knowledge of flight. The information it provides is drawn from all the leading aircraft and aircraft engine manufacturers in this country.

Ants, spiders, beetles, wasps and bees provide the theme for Nesta Pain's new book, LESSER WORLDS (Longmans. 10s. 6d.), which is based on her popular broadcast series. This is a book very much in the Maeterlink tradition full of extraordinary information and full of surprises, not least the chapter on ants and their parasitic friends, the beetles, to whom they play the host with such unflagging zeal and to the detriment of their own nests

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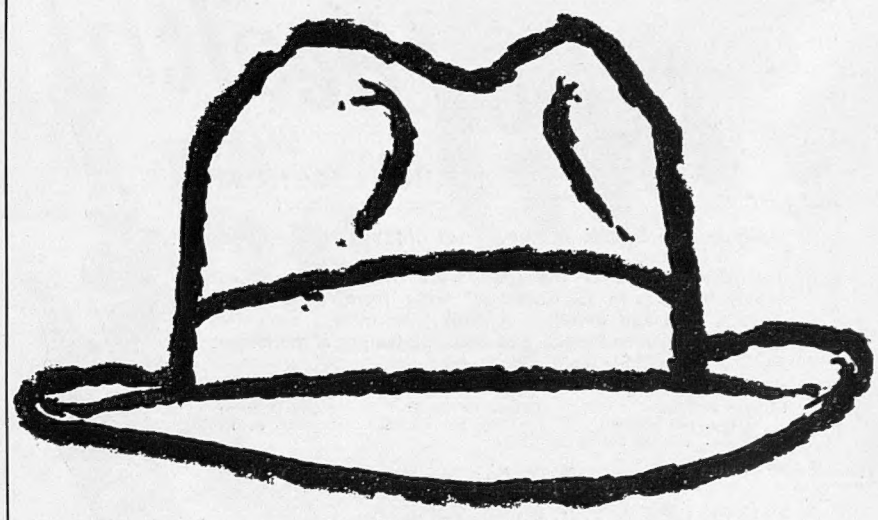

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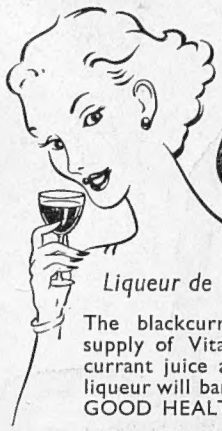

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there's so much to read and enjoy in the September

WE PLAN A ROOM FOR YOU

This instructional article is an answer to the many readers who have asked us if it is feasible to unite good taste and comfort with a moderate expenditure in a furnishing scheme. We believe it is and, in consultation with Michael Sheridan, who has a wide experience of furnishing problems, we have planned a living room in every detail. It is illustrated in full colour in the September *issue of* Britannia and Eve.

SHE BANISHED THE RAILWAY BUN

To those who recall the fly-blown buffets of the past, the new railway refreshment rooms are a revelation. The story is told of the woman who achieved this unsung miracle.

SUBJECT TO CONTRACT

You want a country cottage and so you just go ahead and buy it! But is it as simple as that? This is a personal experience piece, disclosing and discussing the problems which arise when the "contract stage" is reached.

ANOTHER SPRING

Alan Cash writes of his own experiences cruising around the coast and some of the inland territories of South Africa—now becoming more and more the winter resort of English people. The article is illustrated in full colour.

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

THOSE who can take a holiday in late summer or autumn this year will have good reason to anticipate a share of that summery weather which has been so strangely elusive in the earlier months.

All who have listened in to the B.B.C. weather forecasts at any time must have realised that the Channel Islands, Britain's most southerly extremity, are often blessed with more congenial weather than the mainland. It is not for me here to draw comparisons between the relative merits of Guernsey and Jersey, but so far as the former is concerned, I hear nothing but praise of *La Collinette Hotel*, situated on the outskirts of St. Peter Port, where Denys Foster and his wife dispense good food and friendliness in high measure. On the smaller island of Little Sark, personality exudes, too, from the ten-bedroomed *La Sablonnerie*, a quite astonishing little haven where mine host, George Hawes, will encourage you to forsake the artificiality of life on the mainland and share with him a carefree existence.

Yet there will be many readers who for some reason or other cannot travel so far. If it is small hotels you seek, I can offer a varied choice. Have you ever explored Canterbury and its surrounds? If not, a more fitting old-world atmosphere than at the *Cathedral Gate Hotel* could not be found. The Minster stands magnificently opposite, ancient Fordwich and Sandwich are situated close by, and for a breath of sea air the whole of the south-east Kent coastline is within pleasant daily compass.

As an alternative, I can offer you Chichester and the Selsey Peninsula, Itchenor, Bosham, and the Sussex Downs. By the sea, make your headquarters at *The Old Barn*, East Wittering, for its elbows almost lean on the English Channel and you may be well content to stay put and let the sand trickle through your toes. For those who wish to be nearer Chichester, the friendly, welcoming *Willow Cottage* at Fishbourne beckons.

Many with thoughts of an autumn motoring holiday can, with confidence, centre their plans around the *Mount Pleasant Hotel* at Malvern, where, under Mrs. Tilla How's direction, COMFORT and CUISINE may be spelt in capital letters. A most attractive base, in short, from which to tour the Cotswolds, Herefordshire and the Teme and Evesham Valleys.

In Wales, for those who seek quietude, the sea and uncrowded golf, *Llwyngwair*, near Newport, Pembrokeshire, is the ideal choice. A country house and charmingly located, it will appeal to all who are appreciative of true country life.

Finally, it may well be that somewhere nearer London is your objective. If you are wanting small and homely accommodation, *The Lodge Hotel* at Englefield Green, in Surrey, is one answer. Within easy daily reach of London, it is equally convenient for Windsor and Virginia Water.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Ingram House, 195 - 198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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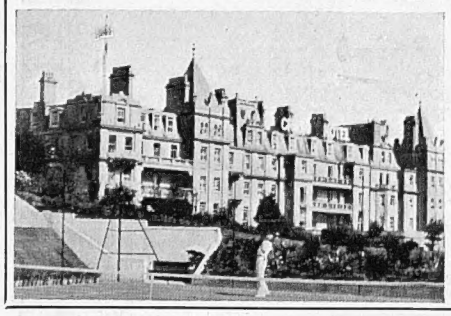

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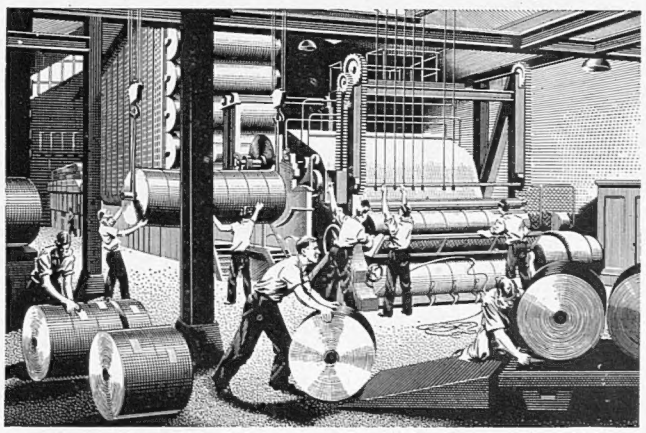

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